M

AMOR

PAX

HIS

MAIES-TIES POETI-CALL EXER-*cises at vacant* houres.

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Cum Priuilegio Regali.

PACIS alumnus

INFESTA malis.

THE AVTHOVR TO THE READER.

Receaue heere beloued Reader, a ſhort Poetique diſcourſe, which I haue ſelected and tranſlated, from amongſt the reſt of the works of Dv'Bartas: *as a viue mirror of this laſt and moſt decreeped age. Heere ſhalt thou ſee clearlie, as in a glaſſe, the miſeries of this wauering world: to wit, the curſed nature of mankinde, and the heauie plagues of God. And ſpeciallie heere maye thou learne not to flatter thy ſelfe, in cloaking thy odious vices, with the delectable coulour of vertue: an errour, allace, ouer common in this hypocriticall age, not onlie in particular men of all degrees: but euen generallie in rankes, eſtates, and offices. But that this Treatiſe may ſeeme the les obſcure vnto thee, I haue inſert before the ſame, the Authours Præface and Exord of the whole woorke, that thereby thou may rightlie conceaue the comming in of this portion thereof. And in caſe thou finde aſwel in this work, as in my* Lepanto *following, many incorrect errours, both in the dytement and orthography, I muſt pray thee to accept this my reaſonable excuſe, which is this. Thou conſiders, I doubt not, that vpon the one part, I compoſed theſe things in my verie*

young and tender yeares: wherein nature, (except ſhee were a monſter) can admit no perfection. And nowe on the other parte, being of riper yeares, my burden is ſo great and continuall, without anie intermiſſion, that when my ingyne and age could, my affaires and faſherie will not permit mee, to re-mark the wrong orthography committed by the copiars of my vnlegible and ragged hand, far les to amend my proper errours: Yea ſcarſlie but at ſtollen moments, haue I the leaſure to blenk vpon any paper, and yet not that, with free and vnuexed ſpirit. Alwaies, rough and vnpoliſhed as they are, I offer them vnto thee: Which beeing well accepted, will moue mee to haſt the preſenting vnto thee, of my APOCALYPS, *and alſo ſuch nomber of the* PSALMES *as I haue perfited: & incourage mee to the ending out of the reſt. And thus (beloued Reader) recommending theſe my labours to thy freindlie acceptation: I bid thee hartelie Fare-well.*

TO THE KING OF SCOTLAND.

VVHere others hooded with blind loue do flie,
Low on the ground with buzzard CVPIDS wings,
A heauenlie loue, from loue of loue thee brings,
And makes thy MVSE to mount aboue the skie.
Young Muſes be not woont to flie too hie,
Age taught by time, ſuch ſober ditties ſings,
But thy youth flies from loue of youthfull things,
And ſo the wings of time doth ouerflie.
Thus thou diſdainſt all worldlie wings as ſlow,
Becauſe thy MVSE with Angels wings doth leaue
Times wings behind, and CVPIDS wings below,
But take thou heed, leaſt Fames wings thee deceaue.
With all thy ſpeed from Fame thou canſt not flee,
But more thou flees, the more it followes thee.

HENRIE CONSTABLE.

TO THE KING
OF SCOTLAND.

HENRIE CONSTABLE.

SONET
TO THE ONELY ROYAL POET.

WHere ſhall the limits lye of all your fame?
Where ſhall the borders be of your renowne?
In Eaſt? or where the Sunne again goeth down?
Or ſhall the fixed Poles impale the ſame?
Where ſhall the pillars which your praiſe proclame
Or Trophees ſtand, of that exſpected crowne?
The Monarch firſt, of that triumphant towne
Reuiues in you, by you renewes his name.
For that which he performd in battels bold,
To vs his bookes with wonders doth vnfold.
So we of you far more conceaue in minde,
As by your verſe we plainelie (Sir) may ſee.
You ſhall the writer and the worker be,
For to abſolue that CÆSAR left behinde.

M. W. FOVLER.

Muſa Cælo beat.

SONET
TO THE ONELY ROYAL
POET.

IN

SERENISSIMVM INVICTISSIMVMQVE SCOTIAE REGEM

IACOBVM SEXTVM.

Τοῦ ὀνόματος τὶς πέζα τεοῦ χωρήσεν ἐπαίνους,
Παμβασιλεῦ; σοφίας τίς κλέος αἰπὺ τεῆς;
Ἀρ Ὑπεριονίδαο σελασφόρον ἄντυγα Φοίβου
Πρῶτα θεασαμένοι; μὴ Ζεφύροιο δόμος;
Ἄρα πόλων κρυεροῖς πεφρικυῖαι πείρασιν ἄρκτοι,
Ὄψονται πτεροεν κῦδος ἔνερθε τεόν;
Σὸν δὲ πρὸς αἰθαλόεσσαν ἀνίπταται αἴθερος αἴγλην
Εὖχος, ἀπειρεσίου πάντα διῆξαν ὅρον.

ΑΔΡΙΑΝΟΣ Ο ΔΑΜΜΑΝ.

IDEM LATINE.

QVæ Regio in terris Rex inuictißime laudes
Aut capiat mentis lumina clara tuæ?
Anne Hyperionide qui primùm orientia Solis
Fulgura percipiunt? an Zephyritis humus?
Anne Polis quæ frigutiunt glaciali bus Arcti,
Luce tuum videant conserere arua iubar?
At tua in ætherios penetrat se gloria cœtus,
Fecit vt immensum totius orbis iter.

HADR. DAMMAN à BISTERVELT
Gandauensis Flander.

Aliud eiuſdem.

PAllados armiferæ digitis in fortibus vrbem,
Temporibus priſcis impoſuêre patres:
Scilicet auſpicijs animi, & fœlicibus armis,
Vrbibus immenſæ conciliantur opes.
Sed meliùs numquã mentem Dea iunxit & arma
Scotigenûm Regi quàm ſociata dedit:
Et quis in optandis regnum floreſcere rebus,
Et nitidos Scotis non videt ire dies?

TO THE KINGS MAIESTIE OF SCOTLAND.

IF ALEXANDER ſighed vvhen he came,
Vnto the Tomb vvhere fierce ACHILLES lay:
If he had cauſe, that bleſſed age to blame,
Since HOMER lacks his merites to diſplay.
If he vvith teares his ſorrovves did bevvray,
To ſee his Father PHILIP conquer all,
And that more Worlds behinde there did not ſtay,
Which for revvard of his deſerts might fall:
Then may I mone, our times, our iudgement ſmall,
Vnvvorthy records of your ſacred skill:
Then muſt our Poets on nevv Muſes call,
To graunt them guifts to imitate your quill.
I like the flie, that burneth in the flame,
Should shevv my blindnes to attempt the ſame.

HENRIE LOK.

THE EXORD, OR
PREFACE OF THE SECOND VVEEK OF DV BARTAS.

THou mightie God that of the worlde
The birth did make me ſee,
Vnfold her cradle alſo now,
Her childhead ſhow to me:
And make my Spreit to walke athort
The turning flouriſht wayes
Of ſauorie Gardens, wherinto
Still crook't but any ſtaies
Of Riuers foure the courſes quick:
Declare me what offence,
From Eden both chas'd ADAMS ſelfe
And ſeed for his pretence:
And tell who of immortall did
Himſelf a mortall macke
To bring from heauen the Antidote
To vs which we did lacke:
Giue thou me grace the ſtorie of
The Church to ſing aright,
And als the ſtorie of the Kings,
And graunt that by thy might

I guide the world vnto her graue,
My purpoſe making leſt,
Euen from the firſt of Sabboths all,
Vnto the hindmoſt reſt.
Well know I that this ſurgie ſea,
Is lacking march or ground,
But ô thou holie Pilote great,
Will guide me ſafe and ſound
Vnto the port of my deſire,
Where drouked then I ſhall
Extoll thy mercies manifolde,
And pay my vowes withall.
O SACRED Floure-delis whoſe youth
Doth promiſe to vs all,
That euen thy famous Lawrels greene
Match Alexanders ſhall,
Since that (for to obey thy will,)
I flie vnto the skies,
Conuoy my courſe with louing eie,
And help the faultes that riſe
From my too blunted fruteleſſe pen,
In Pampeloun ſo ſome day,
Mot thou win home thy crowne againe,
The which was reft away:
So of thy neighbours euermore
Mot thou the honour be,
The loue of all thy ſubiects true,
And foes to feare for thee:
So neuer mot the heauen againſt
Thee ſhew his wrathfull face,
But the Eternall be thy arme,
His Spirit thy guiding trace:

So

So with my ſhearing ſword in hand
And fighting at thy ſide,
Mot I ore-cled with blood and ſtoure
So boldlie by thee bide
As for to cleaue the Spaniſh Hoſt,
Or force ſome ſieged Towne,
The combat done for Virgill ſerue
To publiſh thy renowne.
GOD did not onelie (ſoueraigne Prince)
The whole command beſtow,
On our forefather ADAM of
This earth, and all below:
In making ſubject to his yoak
The skealie ſwimming race,
Who with their little finnes do cleaue,
The frothie Seas apace:
And thoſe that haue no other hold,
But horrour of deſerts:
And thoſe that bricoll through the waiſt
Of aire that fedders parts:
But chus'd him als a dwelling place,
Which happie was, and more
With climat temperate and faire,
The which the deintie flore
With variant ameling paimented
Of ſpringing floures moſt ſweet,
Adornd with Pomons fruicts, and als
With Zephyrs ſmells repleet:
Where God himſelf did leuell juſt,
The allees with his lyne,
Ore-couered all the hilles with trees,
With Haru'ſt the vallies ſyne,

And with the ſound of thouſand brookes
Adiornd the ſweeteſt ſleepe
Made cabinets faire at proofe of Sunne
Which out his beames did keep:
He ſquared a yard, and als he did,
Plant, clenge, and labour ſyne
The euerliuing fairneſſe of
A fertill Orchard fine:
The Sacred Riuers courſes als
He parted here and there,
And with a thouſand coulors paints
The face of Meddowes faire.

THE TRANSLATORS
INVOCATION.

O Thou that mightilie does toone
My warbling holie Harpe,
And does ſublime my Poëme als
That I thereon do carpe,
And marying ſo my heauenly verſe
Vnto the Harpes accords,
Inſpires my ſacred Muſe to ſing
Vnto the Lord of Lords.
O now inflame my furious Spreit,
That furiouſly I may
Theſe Furies (mankinds plagues allace!)
With furious Pen diſplay:
That I his fame doe not betray,
Who Azure Skie doth decke
With blazing lights, and on the earth
His Trophees doth erect:
The loue of Heauen, the honour of earth,
The wonder of our age,
Who whill that furious bloodie MARS
Doth in his Countrey rage
(Alluring ORPHEVS) with his ſongs
He ſweetlie doth inchaunt
The MVSES nyne to leaue their leeds
That they before did haunt
And take them to his vulgare toung,
Their Ethnique heades withall
He crownes with holie twiſts and faire
Of LIBAN Cedres tall.

Then

Then ô thou guider of my Spreit,
And leader of my pen,
Graunt, that as he his ſubject faire
Doth (liberall) to me len,
That ſo he len his loftie ſtile,
His golden draughts, his grace,
Wherewith in variant coulors he
Adornes the papers face,
That I may viuelie paint him forth:
Peace PAN, peace pratling Muſe,
Heare PHŒBVS in a borrowed tongue
His owne diſcourſes vſe.

THE FVRIES.

Here am I caried to? in world
No more may I be found:
The earth that I do tread vpon,
And all this vaulted round,
Which bringing home, & guiding back
The daies and nights againe,
Be wrathfull now with me, reguides
My longſum woe and paine:
The aire I breath by longeſt draughts,
The Sea I ſwimme into,
Is not now of the firſt borne dayes
The work moſt glorious lo.
This wretched roundnes can not be
The plenteous worlde no more,
Which God with orn'ments brauelie deckt,
So diuers and in ſtore:
No, this is but a Priſon vyle,
A Hell fulfild with fray,
And of the firſt worlde but the tombe
Moſt miſerable alway.
O SPRITE that quickens all, great God,
That in thy juſtice maid,
(Transformd from father myld in Iudge:)
This changement that I ſaid,
Change me, and caſt me ouer againe,
Addres my feeble hand,
And make that into my diſcourſe
No humane thing may ſtand.

That I thy inſtrument may bee,
And eloquentlie ſyne,
To our poſteritie may ſing
This doolefull change of thyne.
BEFORE our firſt fore-father had,
Too impudentlie bold,
His back turnd vnto God, his face
Vnto the Serpent olde:
Euen all this WHOLE, was like vnto
Ane inſtrument in toone,
Well ſet, and well accorded iuſt:
And when as that was doone,
So learn'dlie plaid on, as the ſound
Moſt rarelie dulce alway,
Proclam'd the praiſe of God, who on
The ſame did freedonne ay.
The man in ſeruing God, was ſeru'd
Of all the world apace:
The bodies dead and liuing als,
Did ſtriue in euerie cace
To nouriſh ſtill that holie peace,
And with ane ardent loue,
To pleaſe their double head, each other
Embraſt for that behoue.
The loweſt of a concord bleſt
Reſounded with the hie,
The wak with dry, the cold agreed
With that which hotteſt be.
And ſyne that ſacred innocent,
The bright ASTREA Queene,
It faſtned faſt with maſtik firme,
Of holie loue that beene.
This CVPID hid, that maries yet
By ſtraiteſt bonds and olde
The Adamant ſtone with heauie yrne,
Quick-ſiluer with the golde:

The Ambre with the ſtraw or chaff,
And in the wauie raigne,
PINNE with her ſpie, the Whaile with her
That guides her through the Maine:
That makes the Sperge ſo freindlie with
The boſſe and trembling Reed,
The Mirt with Oliue tree, the Elme
With boughs that wine doe breed.
That makes the earie Buſtard with
The galliard horſe confether,
And the Parroquets painted makes
With Wolues to liue together.
That ioynes the Moore-hen with the ſwift
And feirie futted Hart,
The Goat with Sargone, Partrichis
With Does into ane part:
All this is but a ſpunke, a glance,
A ſhaddow and a trace,
Of ſuch a loue as raignd into
The formeſt age allace:
Where as our Muſes low from heir
With moſt harmonious ſounds,
Deuinely ſang with them aboue
Into the circled rounds.
But Man as being the ſpeciall, and
The moſt reſounding ſtring
Of this WHOLES Lute, too bended out
Of toone doth with it bring
The reſt of brangling ſinewes all,
As now it rendre macks,
In place of ſweet enchanting air,
So great and murmuring cracks,
As ENYON makes aſtoniſht quyte,
Euen cruell ENYON who
The old debaits of CHAOS does
Renew with greener wo.

The Heauen that euer fair did blincke
Vpon his maiſtreſſe ay,
That nought but MAN and Honny in
Her breſt did powre alway,
Now ſweeps her with his floods, and with
His yce her doſinnis quyte,
And beatis her with his haill, and gaigs
Her with his fires in ſpyte:
And with his ſnow doth make her olde,
And ielouſlie doth darde,
Both night and day vpon her bones,
His thundring fyerie farde.
And RHEA that doth birſt for ſpyte,
And cholere in theſe daies,
A thouſand vapours blacke againſt
The Heauen now doth ſhe raiſe:
And by the port halfe open of
The gulfe profound and how,
Does ſudle all his brow with clouds,
And miſts that of her grow.
The Cocke ſenſyne doth with his voyce
The Lyon bold effray,
The Glead, the Chicken: and the Sheepe,
That baiſdlie trembles ay,
Flees from the rau'ning Woolfe: and in
Great NEPTVNES fleeting plaine,
The Lobſter feares for Polipus:
And Polipus againe
For Congre-Eels feares: and neertheleſſe,
The ſelfe ſame Lobſter to
Ouercums this Eele, who victor is,
Euen of her victor lo:
Yea, euen do, by a ſecret MARS,
Moſt noyſome quarrels ludge
In very ſenſeleſſe ſtocks of plants,
Reteining ſtill their grudge.

Thou

Thou DENYS, euermore a childe,
O Father ſleepie ſtill,
If plant beſide the leauie keall
Thy fertill ſtocke they will,
He drawes himſelfe abacke beliue,
And paile growne all his leaues,
For ſpite, or feare, by flight himſelfe
From neighbourhead ſuch bereaues.
As in like maner, to reuenge
The branches bearing wine,
Neere Rew, and Origane, planted keal,
By them is killed ſyne.
The tree Dodonean, and the tree
By ATTIQVE land beloued,
The traces leaues of ancient pickes,
Remaining vnremooued
Euen in their widdow holes. O thou
Invincible debate,
That makes the one, ne liue can, where
The other liu'd of late:
That raignes into the verie tombe,
Doth to the PARQVES reſiſt,
And neuer does thy hatred waſh
In flouds of LETHES miſt.
Euen ſo a Tambour cou'red with
A ſimple muttons skinne,
Doth burſt affraidlie, onely at
The ſound and ratling dinne
Of bloodie rauening Woolfs-skinne: And
Sick-like the trypes well throwne
Of that ſo glutton brigand, breakes
With ſecret force vnknowne
The guts of ſheepe: whome in the place
Of longſome bleating ſtill,
They after hend their death make on,
A ſweet Lute ſpeake at will.

And of the royall Egle als
The ſtrange deuouring plume,
Does wondrouſly the fethers of
All other foules conſume.
The Heauen, firſt mobile, with the ſelfe
Doth carie and remoue
More ſwifter farre then any wind,
By this his courſe aboue
The reſt of all the heauens: backdrawing
Their Torches giuing light,
From ALEXANDERS Alters, to
The Pillars HERCVLES pight.
But mortall ADAM, as the king
Of all things heere belaw,
He being ſtraied, vnto the way
Of death does all things draw:
And, blinded Pilot, on a Sea
Moſt deadlie and in fire,
This worlds Ship guides againſt the rocks
Of furious heauenlie ire:
Which ſoftlie ſliding of before,
Was fleeting euer ſtill,
Both vnder-a skilfull Skipper, and
A Zephyre calme at will.
For or he did reuolt, he could
Not caſt his wondring eies
Vpon no part, but through it all
Almightie God he ſees.
He finds him in the earth, as to
The Seas, he feeles him there,
Contemplats him in Heauen, and ſees
Him painted in the air.
Our world was nothing, but a great
Large Shop, that open ſtood,
Where magnifiquelie God diſplaid
His treaſures fair and good.

This

This WHOLE was but a mirrour fair,
Which bright on euery ſide,
The goodnes repreſented viue,
With great God that doth bide.
But man vnhappy can not find,
Since this his ſinne and fall,
Plant, ſtone, or liuing creature,
Yard, wood, nor flood at all,
Plaine, Feild, Hill, Dale, Sea, Shore, or Hauen,
Where he may draw his breath,
That hath not written into the brow
The hard doome of his death.
In ſhort, euen all the compaſſe of
This Fabrique large and round,
Is but a very ſtore-houſe of
Gods wrath that doth abound.
Man, in rebelling thus againſt
The ſoueraigne great, I ſay,
Doth feele his ſubjects all enarm'd
Againſt him euerie way.
The air by winds ſturr'd, AMPHITRITE
Doth ſtormie make a gild,
The Heauen moſt ſadlie black, The earth
With brierie thornes fulfild,
As fredd now from the oth of their
Fidelitie and truſt,
The honour doe reuenge on him
Euen of the Godhead juſt.
The influence maligne of ſtarres,
Coniured doth prouide,
A ſecret Hangman for to plague,
His arrogance and pride.
The Moone doth deaze and fundie him,
Her brother roſts him quite,
The air, when he lookes for it leaſt,
Purſues him in a ſpite.

By

By brimſtoned thunders, and by raines,
By blaſting of the cornes,
By froſts confirmd, hair-rimmes, and Snowes,
And hailſtones ſharpe as thornes.
And VVLCANE whiles fallin out of Heauen,
Whiles irritate by art,
Whiles kindled vnder richeſt roofes
By chance in anie part,
Whiles vom'd out of a mountaine, whoſe
Tempeſtuous gulfe hath ſtore,
Both of Saltpeeter and of Pitch,
And Brimſtone byting ſore,
Doth rage againſt him: ſtartling ſtill,
For furie, as appeares,
And wrackes in leſſe ſpace then a day,
The labour-of thouſand yeares.
The Sea by her debording ſteales
His Iſles from him withall,
His flockes vp-ſwallows, and ore-whelmes,
His townes and makes them fall.
The Earth all wearie on her face
Such burthen for to keepe,
(A burthen curſed and prophane,)
Whiles ſinks in darkeſt deepe
A whole great countrie, and withall,
The windie tops and hie
Of proudeſt Palices, into
Her entrailes hid they be.
It is in hatred euen of him,
That after manie wayes,
Shee doth ingratelie barren haru'ſts
Produce vs now a dayes.
And for the corne, that we do ſow,
(Deceitfull) doth vs pay
With thirſles burning corne, and with
The vaprous Darnell ay.

And

And with the Fitches ſmoaring corne,
With ſticking Burres and rough,
And guylefull hope of Windle-ſtray,
That's but an emptie ſlough.
All this were little, if that, as
Step-mother cruell, ſho
Would not produce the Wort-berrie,
Our furious enemie. Lo
The Hen-bane blacke, and Ches-bow als,
That cold-ryfe doth vs keepe
Douſe, yeuking fleſh, and ſhuddring colde,
And makes vs euer ſleepe.
The ſtonniſhing Carpaſe, Humlocke als,
That ſmores vs by his might,
Yce-feet, Yce-hands, and makes vs isk,
And dims our cleareſt ſight.
Sardonien Percell, Sennon-drawer,
And with a laughing cheere,
The Wolfe-bane, Burne-toung, ſwelling lips,
And crying ſtill with beere.
The weeping Aconitum, and
The Ixia binding ſore,
Sad hearted Flacke-wort, foſterer of
Hydropſie more and more.
March-Lillies als, that yeukars be,
Of flancks the gnawers rude,
The Mandragore full colde, and Ew,
That kendles vp the blude.
Plants, who doe by their root, their ſuck,
Or by their little ſeed,
A death vnmercifull, before
The time vnto vs breed.
The Earth that knowes we loue (as we
Were bred, of brutiſh kindes,)
Our life leſſe, and our honour, then
Her mettals hid in mindes:

She with her hooks, deceitfullie,
Doth mixe for vs and mell
The ſcumme of Siluer and Arsnicke:
With cruell poyſon fell
Our inward parts deuours: and ſo
Doth juſtlie puniſh right
Our couetous luſts with torments ſharpe,
That ſhe makes on vs light.
So as, whiles, from one onely mind,
They (fooliſh) draw apace,
The tortour of ſoule, and martring of
Our bodie both, allace.
And what more ſhall I ſay? but that
A Pilot full of skill,
And aided by the breathing of
A friendlie wind at will,
He cannot with leſſe trauell guide
The winged fleeting Ship,
That ſoftlie on the azure ſalt
Of humide field doth ſlip.
And that the jugler fine, ſo well
Can no waies make to dance,
Make skarmuſhes, runne, and retire,
And ſyne againe aduance
His little Marmoſets, whome to
His auarice doth giue,
A Sprite, that by the onely art
And workemanſhip doth liue,
As we moſt happy did command
The ſilent flocks, that do,
All skalie, cleaue the ſtormie fluds,
That they doe ſwimme into:
And all the flying ſongſters ſweet,
And the rebellious bands,
That ruſh out through the woods, or runnes
Athwart the baireſt lands:

And at the wind euen of our voyce,
They trembled fast afraid,
And each winke of our eies, to them
A law was they obaid:
And to their holie office so
They bent were night and day,
As euen they vncommanded did
Vs seruice euery way.
But by the shappering that fell out
Our Parents light among,
Alas, they of our slaues are now
Become our tyrants strong:
The fearefull hideous Whale, if that
We saile vpon the Maine,
In weltring with a stroake, euen all
At once, the bulluring plaine,
Doth bury vnderneath the waues
Our fleeting Castell fair,
That plaies the Dolphin on the Seas,
And Eagle in the air.
And if we go into the feilds,
So manie deadlie bands
Of spotted venoms, and of Pests
Cyniphien, on all hands
Do lie into embuscade dern'd.
The Wolfe on other side,
With Lyon, Sanglier, and with Beere
And Leopard doth abide,
Most iealous of the right diuine,
Against their head conspire,
And pitielesse teare him, in reuenge
Of the eternall ire.
The Forrests thick, they haue no bush,
Nor thicket great at all,
That doth not hide a hangman, to
Giue vs our death and fall.

We euery cauerne do ſuſpect, and
Euery hedge we ſee,
The ſmalleſt branch, that ſtyrres, makes
Vs ſore afraid to be.
If that, we dwelling be at home,
The ſpitefull Maſtie bolde,
The Bull wood-headed, and the Horſe,
Whoſe courage cannot ſolde,
With teeth, with horned brow, and with
Their feet do make vs warre
Moſt ſorie: ſeeing Tyrants ſuch
On earth, promenney darre.
No: There is not ſo ſmall a midge,
That boldlie gainſt vs cleene,
Will ſpare to ſhoot the arrowes of
His little furie keene.
ALAS: what hideous fraiſome ſhapes?
What horrible ghoſts I ſee?
What thundring loud? what roring cries?
What terrible howlings hie?
Am I not on the elriſh Shore
Of PHLEGETON, braying in Hell?
O TISIPHON, MEGERE, ALECTO als,
Thou furie ſad and fell,
What denne makes you the cauernes quite
Moſt fraiſome and profound
Of darkeſt Hell? ô monſters moſt
Abhominable vnder ground,
Yee Miniſters of PLVTO, with
The throwne and ſtormie brow,
O Daughters of the ſhadie night,
What heere then do yee now?
The man alas, without your croſſe,
Your whips and tortours ſore,
Doth he not feele the horrours els
Of paines anew, and more?

For

For our fore-beer, no ſooner left
The ſacred ſoile of grace,
To liue into this earth, or rather in
this Tombe and loweſt place,
Where raignes a thouſand deaths, when as
The voice eternall ay,
Els thundring ſummond did the troupes,
That guiltie were alway.
That Sulphurd STYX and PHLEGETON, drinks
All burning in a fire,
Thicke ACHERON, and COCYTE als,
All in a bloodie ire.
O Siſters with the eddrie haire
O Eumenids cruel yee,
What? Of your ſelues for euermore,
Will yee the tortourers be?
Soone quite me all the horrour of
Your curſed houſes paile,
Come vomit heere your poyſons blacke
In this vnhappy vaile.
Haue yee no feare to languiſh heere,
For exerciſes lake,
For ADAM builds you a hundreth Hels
Here for his vices ſake
FROM top to bottome at theſe words
AVERNE all trembled apace:
The ſweireſt night, her horrours did
Redouble in euerie caſe.
And als that ſtincking goulfe, where fraies
Do raigne for euermore,
Was ſuddaine fil'd with pitch, with Sulphre,
And rozen in great ſtore.
The GORGONES, SPHINX, and HYDRAES, and
The Pythons, monſters rair,
The cauerns deepe did open of
Their glutton bellies thair:

Euen as the fire that hid into
A vapour thicke remaines,
Doth grudging murmure at the cloud,
That preſsing it retaines,
Doth Cannon, thunder, aſtoniſh als,
And whirling long in round,
Doth, wrathfull, make the Element
That windie is, reſound.
Euen ſo, theſe Siſters three, theſe three
Moſt hideous rages vile,
Do raiſe a thouſand tempeſts, boun
To leaue their hell a whyle.
And each of them alreadie goes,
And hurles his yrnie cart,
Vpon the Bridges barres of yrne,
Ay brangling on all part.
That nine times Planks Stix, and in priſon
Where horrible darknes tumbles,
With braying, running, wandring ſtill,
Moſt terrible horrible rumbles.
Then fraifull HYDRE, and CERBERE als,
That muttin makes a ſturre,
Who on one bodie hath the heads,
Both of a Maſtich curre,
A Serpent, Bull, and of an Ounce,
Whoſe cruell eies do pearce,
And of a Woolfe, a Horſe, a Beare,
And of a Lyoneſſe fearce.
With brangle of lights doth bark, doth whiſle,
And route doth euermore,
Make murmuring, loudlie howle and bray,
And rummiſh faſt and rore.
Such Pell-mell dinnes, and ringing reards,
And tempeſts ſtrange to heare,
Do from one corps proceed at once,
That manie heads doth beare.

Then

Then hauing of our day atteind
Vnto the calmed port,
Then wings of Aquilo they with
A whirre more ſuddaine ſhort
Flee towards man: wherewith their hands
Sore tortring they aſſay,
Who cruelleſt paines can forge for him
To ſuffer euerie way.
Of Atropos the verie ſhape,
Lo, Hunger comes at ones,
Her blackned skinne is pearced with
The ſharpe points of her bones:
She euer greedie longing gants,
With hollow ſuncken eie,
With cheekes togeather clapped cloſe,
And in her mouth they ſee
Her wide-ſet teeth come Saffron hew'd:
Her emptie bowels cleare,
Do through the rinckles of her skinne
Tranſparantlie appeare.
And for her bellie, hath ſhe nought
Of bellie but the place,
Her knees and elbows hideleſſe on
Her carcaſſe ſwels apace.
A monſter moſt inſatiable,
Whome to, but for a fill,
All that is liuing heere below,
But skarcelie ſuffice will.
Her ſwallowing throat goes ſeeking ſtill
Her meat in verie meats:
One diſh another ſummonds, and
Her gourmand entrails eats,
And toomes at once. The verie fleſh
Euen of her children young,
May skantlie ſtanch her raging luſt,
Thus of her hunger ſprung:

But

Bnt euen ſometimes (ô gluttonie
Of ſtrangeſt ſort and rare)
To fill her foule-ſome guts, to eat
Her guts ſhe doth not ſpare:
That ſhe thereby, may make it more,
She makes her body leſſe,
And to our father cruell ſo,
She doth her ſelfe addreſſe.
And furthermore, from hels ſhe brings
Vnto this combat heere,
The rage, the weaknes, and the thriſt,
Her likeſt ſiſters deere.
The warre comes after, bruzing lawes,
And bruzing maners all,
Loue-teares, ſhed-blood, and burning Innes,
And raizing euery wall:
In-under his braſen feet, the earth
All creepes and trembles faſt,
His mouth it is a firie coale,
His voice a thunders blaſt:
Each finger of his hand, it is
A Cannon that doth bray,
And euerie awfull looke of his
A lightning flaming ay.
The great diſorder, and the fray,
Diſpair, and flight, do poſte,
And winged euer, go before
His cruell murthering Hoſte:
As burnings, and the ſwelling pride,
And great impietie vile,
The quarrelous ſciſme, ſacke, and all
Impunitie for a while.
The crueltie, the horrour, the
Deſtruction and ruine,
Though all accompanie him, whereas
He barbrous marches ſyne.

The

The doole, the ſolitarines, with
The pouertie that peeps,
The bloodie footſteps of his hoſt
Vndaunted following keeps.
And if that I be not deceau'd,
Another furie lo
That doth a battrie dreſſe againſt
Our firſt forefather to,
Of thouſand thouſand Cannons, I
Heare, feele, though not in ſight,
The more that ſhe is weake, the more
Hath ſhe of force and might:
All vlcer'd, feuerous, blind, and fond,
And fooliſh is ſhe nam'de.
Sad, deafe, crooke-backed, and of legs
And armes, both is ſhe lam'de.
The poyſon with the manie names,
Deaths miniſter alace,
That comes at poſting gallope, and
Returnes at ſloweſt pace.
Il-fauoured, troubling reſt, and als
Fantaſtike; miſerable eke,
She kils, but cracke betraies the heart,
Vnſatiable blood doth ſeeke.
The daughter of intemperance, and
Of Heauen miſorder'd cleene,
A cruell euill diſcouerd, but
More cruell hid vnſeene.
In Sommer Meidowes, Graſhoppers
Haue not ſo many aboue,
So manie Creikets vnder, as did
Infernall voyces moue,
And murmure round about, nor vnder
A calmed Heauen and ſtill,
The King enamailed of the people,
That gather Honnie will:

So many little buzzing burds
Guides not, when he doth caſt
Euen of his little hollow ludge
The firſt foundations faſt,
As this effraying monſter hath
Of Soldats at command,
That raging charge the man abaiſd
At euery part and hand.
So as a regiment incens'd,
And horrible giuing fraies,
Now for to yoke a skarmiſh hot,
The firſt of all aſſaies
Gainſt ADAMS head, which is the houſe
Moſt holy hallowed ay,
Of all the faculties of the ſoule,
And reaſons forth, and ſtay.
A King that neighbour will bereaue
Another Kings Empire,
Before he fight into the feilds,
Or open warres deſire,
He firſt corrupts by richeſt gifts
His Counſels truth at length,
Well knowing that a Counſell good
Is of a King the ſtrength.
Euen ſo, this Furie baniſht from
The CHAOS darke and low,
Do for Forerinners, Freneſie,
And Madnes als let go:
Whereof the one in heating much,
The other drying ſore
The weake braines, they do ſtop the courſe,
And blunt do more and more
The ſharpnes of mans judgement, and
Engrauing makes remaine
(Abuſers) in the Spreit, a Squadre
Of CHIMERS fancies vaine.

The CAROS, POPLESIE, and the
LETHARGIE ſleeping ay,
As caſten of hazarders, aſſailes
Their foe the beſt they may,
At former part, but yet by armes,
That are contrary clene,
For making yci-colde the braines,
His brethren doſened bene,
And makes the liuing man like to
A dead in euery ſort,
If of forgetfull LETHE, he
Do not repaſſe the port.
The Palſie els doth vndertake
A warre and battaile bolde,
Els Spaſmus ſturres, the one doth ſlacke,
The other ſtrait doth holde
The Senewes of weake ADAM, els
They doe the paſſage dit,
Vnto the liuing ſubtill Spreits,
That would go downe by it.
Then euen as he, who hand to hand,
And onely man to man
Com'd to a Combat ſet, aſſaies
All kind of wards he can,
Eſchewes, rebaits, ſtrikes out, and doth
Obſerue his times aright,
And caſting whiles, doth make vpon
The ſparkling eies to light
Of this his foe his cloake, ſyne with
The farre end of his blead,
Doth ſteadfaſt make his life to part
In guſhing ſtreames and read.
The ſicknes, to the end that ſhe
May haue the better skair,
Of our forefather tied to bed
(Who ſcarſe can turne him thair)

Els with ſo many bonds ſhe doth,
The Ophthalmie let go,
Which with a ſeething blood within
The ſight as cruell ſo,
Giues thouſand ſtogs, ſhe alſo breeds
The Pearle vpon the eie,
That dimmes the ſhine, and Cataract,
That darke and cloudie bee:
Whereof the one by gathering of
To groſſe ane humour pight
Within the bright Spreits guider, doth
The dore cloſe of the light.
The other doth as with a cloath,
Enuious ſyle and hide,
The Chriſtall ſhining humour, that
Doth in his eies abide.
This done, euen with a gird to our
Fore-beer flees withall,
This cruell Dragon mercileſſe,
Whome ſqueinancy they call:
That ſcoaps vnto his throat, and with
Blood loppred lacking heat,
He hauing of the how-throat bolle,
The Muskles boldned great:
In him alone doth giue a proofe,
Of his ſo obſtinate ſtrength,
Wherewith he is to fight, againſt
His future race at length.
Like HERCVLES, who when as yet,
In ſwadling cloathes he lay,
Buire on his brow engrau'd his great
Vndaunted courage ay:
Beginning with his hands, no hand
But ſtrongeſt turkeſſe els,
Moſt boldlie wraithfull for to ſmoare
The Dragon bearing ſhels,

A maiſter ſtick that promiſes
The Trophee Lernien ſure,
The Spaignoll triumph, and the firre
Cleonien that they bure.
The ſecond regiment ſets on
By deadlie forces fell,
Beginning with the Squadre of all
The vitall partes to mell;
That in the ſtomack camped are.
And els that humour groſſe
Lights-ſtopper, him ASTHMATIQVE makes
Ay panting in a Croſſe.
And the Corroziue flowing of
A gutter dropping ſlow,
His ſpongious lightes doth vlcerate, and
Him dries cum'd Ptiſick ſo.
The Peripneumonie withall
A hote conſuming braize,
Goes cruell in his breathing boares
And heat doth kendle and raize.
And als the pittileſſe Empiem doth
Him ſeaſe among the reſt,
With an Apoſtume filling vp
The howeſt of his breſt.
And furthermore the Pleuriſie
Doth brod him in the ſides,
In making euer boile that blood
Which vnder his ribbes abides.
The Mare therefter ſmores him and
With thickeſt fleume doth he,
As Spreit importune, heauie, preſſe
His breſt that panting be.
MY GVIDE Vrania oracle
That chaſsis errors vaine,
Name me this warriour trembling ay,
For furie and diſdaine.

And whoſe enarmed hand doth not,
With firie torch aſſaile,
The wings but euen the armies heart
And ouer it doth preuaile.
Who for hir campions hath the Cough,
The irkeſum ganting lo,
The Souning ſwerfis, thriſt, ſhuddering, and
The colde-rife trembling to.
The bating of the pulſe, the heat,
The rauing ſtrange withall
And paine of head. O is not this
The furie whome we call
The burning perrilous Feuer, who
Inconſtantlie doth take
Mo faces then VERTVMNVS, and
Who (fine) her ſelf can make
Continuall whiles, whiles tierce, whiles quart,
And whiles but for a day,
Whiles ſlow, whiles kindled vp, euen as
The mater as they ſay
Whichin our feeble bodies is
The cauſe of all this change,
Hath ſlow, or promptlie readie hath
This ſecreet motion ſtrange.
Well ought I for to know thee, ô
Thou traitrous maſtiſh vile,
Who four yeares had thee in my hart,
For hoſteſſe all the while.
So as I beare as yet euen of
Thy greateſt force, allace,
The markes into my ſoule, and in
The bodie manie a trace.
For leauing that thou ſoucked out,
And cruellie did ſeeke
The blood out of my veines, and of
My bones the Marrey eik,

I of my Spreit the vertue feele
All ſlokened to be fall,
The vigour of my Spreit cum'd gourd,
The ſharpnes blunted all.
And als my memorie, the which
Was ſomewhat yet before,
Is like (ô dolour juſt) vnto
The water, where a ſcore
Is als ſone vaniſht quite as drawne.
Yea, ſurelie, I almoſt
My former ſtudies, to my ſhame,
And greateſt grief, haue loſt.
And als my Spreit a Table like,
That voide, hath but a frame,
Like Coruin, Trapeſuntius, or
Like Gaze, forgot my name,
That Greek, whoſe learned voice, and whoſe
Moſt facond hand and pen,
Did teach the Romane language to
The verie Romane men.
And for that cauſe in ſpite of my
Moſt carefull ſtudies ay,
My verſe are feuerous now become,
By habitude alway.
Verſe, ſometimes animated, with
A furie moſt deuine,
And ſometimes ſhuddering, with a moſt
Vnlearned coldneſſe ſyne.
BVT OF the Regiment that is third
The cruell Squadres fall,
Vnto the quarter, that conteines
The vertues naturall all:
The vertues that do piece and piece
Moſt happely procure,
Als-well our nouriſhment, as our
Vp-growing alway ſure.

The

The Boulime whiles, whiles lacks of meat
Through ANOREXIA will,
Dog-hunger whiles, whiles lyes his meat
Through BRADIPEPSIA ſtill.
Whiles ſhe that makes the appetite,
So monſtrous and ſo great,
In how parts of our ſtomack, doth
She take her lodging ſeat.
Then after with the Liuer doth
The ſaffrond Gulſoch fight,
For hauing ſtopt way to the Gall
Chollerick, by his might
He doth his kindled venome skaill
Throughout the corps. (In place
Of fineſt blood.) which outwardlie
Turnes yeallow hewed apace.
In contrare doufe Hydropſie makes
Him like for colde to ſterue,
Whill time it make the Fleume in place
Of pureſt blood to ſerue.
But I the ſliddrie bowels ſee
Below (allaee) by foes
Aſſaild, that are a thouſand times
Far mutinaire then thoſe:
The Colick with hir preſon'd windes
Breids them a raging paine,
The dolour Iliack doth throw
Them ſore, moſt inhumaine
Doth ſtop their purging conduits, and
Deteſtable ſhe makes
Euen of manns mouth a peſtilent
And filthie ſtinking jakes.
The read diſſenterie all enarmd
With throwings ſore againe,
Doth painefullie draw out the blood
Of manie an opned vaine.

The

The Stonie grauell doth the neares
On other part inuade,
By gathering of an humour, which
The rigour of heat hath made
To change into a Stone, which ſtops
(Malicious) without more
The ſliddrie vreter, carier of
Salt vrine skalding ſore,
Euen as the Diabete doth, by
The contrair louſe at laſt
The greace of all our bodie in
The vrine ſeething faſt,
And cauſing thirſt, diſtils as much,
As all the matter may,
Full bruddie furniſh raine vnto
The gutter running ay.
And to the members that vs makes,
For ages following heere,
Leaue of our bodies dead, ſo quicke
And manie Mirrours cleere,
Yoakes fiercely the vnablenes
To liue in VENVS law:
And the continuall flowing of
The ſeed vnripe and raw.
Who preaſis (reſtleſſe Tyrants) for
To leeſe and to deſtroy
The vnconceaued Babes thereby,
Their Parents to anoy.
THE SQADRE fourt, wherein the Chouks,
As Soldats do remaine,
The vile deuouring Cancer, and
The Gout a cruell paine,
Together with the Hyues, and with
The boudned Oedems cleare,
Plouks, Shirres, and atrie Phlegmons, ſends
A hundreth brags with beare

Vnto the place aſsieged, and ſyne,
Their blind rage doth them make,
Becauſe they cannot harme the fort,
The plaine field for to ſacke.
From hand in ſheath ô cruell foes,
Your mightleſſe Swords let fall,
The death a thouſand times hath both
Of blood and ſenews all,
Bereft your foe, and nought the leſſe,
Without all hold or ſtay
Your pitileſſe hand his beautie doth
Diſhonour euery way
His members all makes laidlie, and does
With blunted knife beginne
To ſaw his joynts, and Leiths, and for
To hacke his wrinckled skinne.
I thinke I ſee into the mid'ſt
Of wilde and open lands,
Of Wolues, and ſuttle Foxes als
The cruell craftie bands,
Who hauing on the ſofteſt Sand,
By chance of meeting found
The Lyon ſtreaked, who on lyue
Commanded all the ground,
And whoſe moſt horrible auſtrun face
(Retaining former ſpite)
Did melt a far, euen with his beames,
Their former boldnes quite:
They (cruell) teare him, and againſt
Their King that is deceaſed,
Affraidly prooues, to practiſe that,
Whereat, they feeblie preaſed.
Shall I among theſe dwynings count,
(Whoſe cruell boldnes fell,
Seemes, as it were, with outward ſcroofe
Of vexed man to mell?)

The ouglie lowſie Phtiriaſe : ô
The ihamefull plague and vile,
That euen makes Kings more filthie then
Their Beggers all the while:
Who clad with clouts, and eaten vp
With Vermin euer ſtill:
Both night and day, for yeuking are
Compel'd to fidge their fill.
Kings ſwarming all with Lice, when as
The rubbing cannot ſtay,
Nor yet oft changed beds can giue
Them ſlaiking any way.
For euen as from a Surge, the Waues
Are ſliding after Waues:
So ſwarme doth follow after ſwarme,
Their fleſh too fertill craues
His owne deuourers to produce,
And whill ſpent be the blood,
It of it ſelfe the ſelfe doth make
The execrable food.
But what? Thinke not that Fortune blind,
Whoſe turning Wheele ſtill ſlides,
The Campe of third EVMENIDE fell,
Confus'dlie pell-mell guides:
I of her Soldats ſee, who as
Conducted well by reaſon,
Makes choyce, aſwell of nature, age,
As of the quartered ſeaſon,
The Portugall is bruddie ſo,
In Phtiſiques as we ſee,
The Ebre in Chouks, the Arne in thoſe
That Epilepticke be:
One Inde into Grangores, Sauoy in
Goitrous doth abound,
In peſt-folkes Sardine, Lepruſe are
In Ægypt many found.

The places manners like, or the
Strong influence aloft
Of mightie Heauen that gouerns all.
So tender childhood ſoft,
Is gnawn with Wormes, the children that
Their rawnes gender will,
And for their weakenes hes their wombe,
That looſe runnes euer ſtill:
The Skall vpon their head doth of
Their ſalteſt fleumes proceed.
They for a time beare many a blybe,
Of worſſome that doth breed
Euen of the menſtruall humour, which
As new wine raging faſt,
In ſeething in the bodie, makes
A plouckie skinne at laſt.
The youth into Hemorragie
Moſt eaſilie doth fall,
In Feuers hot, in Dwinings, and
In Phreneſie withall.
And feeble age hath commonly
For his too irkſome Hoſts,
The coldrife bloodleſſe ſhakings, and
The faſhious coughing hoaſts,
Katharres and Gouts. So likewiſe the
Sciaticke, hard to mend,
The Feuer, that the humour of
Melancolie doth ſend.
The bloodie fluxis, Peſts, and als
The watrie ſwelling great,
Are nuriſhed with vs when weake
Autumnus brookes his ſeat.
The Fike, the Skab, the Langour als:
Of ALCIDE doth vs take,
And raging charge vs in the ſpring,
That both is hot and wake.

And then the Diarrhee, with the
Hot euill, a ſeeknes ſore,
Aſſailleth vs importunatlie
In Sommer euermore.
As Pleuriſie, the hoaſt and rheume
Do ſeeldome make repaire,
But couered with the whiteſt flocks
Of heauenlie fethers fair,
And Souldiers ſweirlie keeping home
Into the houſe do hold
Of gelded ſonne to aigit zeir,
Thair garniſon full cold.
And ſome I ſee (whoſe venome doth
Delite but in a throng)
Vnleauing of the firſt from corps
To corps to ſlide along,
As the Ameriquain, and als
The Leproſie, and Byle,
The Phtiſie, meſels, and the peſts
Red Charbucle and vyle.
And further ſome I ſee, which for
Sadd heritage, allace,
We (ſeiklie) leaue our ſonnes, which they
From age to age embrace.
The Choakes and Goitre both into
That ranke they euer ſtood,
The Gout, the Grauell, Leproſie,
With all that ſpilles the blood,
Rumburſnes, white Hydropſie als,
The languiſhing Ptiſie eik,
The Epilepſie dead withall,
Bred of a vaprous reik.
For the effect ſucceſsiue of thair
Venome vneſpied,
Is to the flowing Sperma of
Their fathers ſurelie tied.

But ô allace: what ſtratagems,
What ſtrongeſt armes can we
Now vſe againſt thoſe warriours, who
Deceatfull traitours be.
I meane theſe traiterous paines whome art,
As moſt imperfite knowes
Not by the name, but onely by,
Effects that thereof growes.
Such as the ſuffocation of
The bruddie matrice quick,
The Swowning wan, and skunnering euill
That skailles conuentions thick.
When as a vapour, I know not what,
Long keeped cloſe I trow,
Into, I know not what a part,
It doth, I know not how.
Can he eſchew the cruelties
Fulfild with craftie wyles
Of thoſe ſo obſtinate ills, who are,
Abuſers by their gyles
Of cunning med'ceners hands, and who
Once from the bodie chaſed,
Are in the half dead members vnder
An other name replaced.
Or rather Schollers euen of the
Fond Metempſichoſis ſtraunge.
Teacht by that SAMIEN learnd: The one
Doth metamorphoſd change
In far worſe ill, Cum'd either of
Th'affinity that doth lye,
Twixt fattiſh humors or betwixt,
The members vext thereby:
Or els through the vnlearnd abuſe,
Or the malitious greed,
Of thoſe that of Apollos arte,
Are practiſers indeed.

Euen as the ſturdie that transformd.
And changd is euerie way
In Falling-ill, the Rage into
Lethargie ſleeping ay.
The conſtitution ill into,
Hydropeſie full colde,
The Slee-ping dulnes oft transform'd
In Palſie doth vs holde.
Short ADAM like a Hart is who
Doth in a wodds nuik ſtay,
And thruſting in into the ſoile
Is at the latter bay
All teared with lyam-hounds, whome of
The one doth bite his back,
One pulles his flanke, an other at
His breaſt dooth buſsie ſnack:
One ſcoupes vnto his throate, and one
His fouch is loath to leaue
One holds his eare, and one vnto
His neck doth hinging cleaue.
He als is like a mightie Bull,
Whoſe pridefull horne doth egg,
The ſleeprie byting little ſwarmes
Of manie a ſpitefull cleg:
Who bumming do come out, and their
Aſſailer do aſſaile,
And valiauntlie doe on his skin
Their Squadre campe and naile,
The Bull doth with his forked head,
The windes beat euery where,
The ground ſcraps with his cloves, his taile
His ſydes beates heere and there.
And flying longs both forreſts, rocks,
And forcie ſtreames and cleuches,
The place where he receaued his hurt,
But not his hurts eſchewes.

In

In end, with needels ouercled,
Behoues him to be ſlaine,
Or at the leaſt as dead into
That place for to remaine.
For man he is inuaded with
A thouſand langors ſore,
And euery other liuing thing
It gets a proofe no more
But of a verie few of euils:
The falln-ill onlie aſſailes,
The Squadres gatherers of the hoat
And the Venerian Quailes.
The ſheepe doth feare the skab, and als
The dulling Sturdie ſtill,
The dog-ill, and the Madneſſe they
Oppres the maſtiſh will.
And further, euerie one of them
Before his birth doth beare,
Of ſtrongeſt ſimples knawledge ſuch
As they haue need to leare.
And neuer doth he feele his euill
Steale neare to him ſo ſoone,
But he als ſone the remedie
Hath readie to be done.
For the ſlow-paſt Shelpaddock hath
Th Humlock icie-colde,
To ſerue for ſoueraigne remedy.
The Ramme doth rightlie hold
The Rhew his counter-poiſon, and
The Sacred Lawrell tree,
For Reubarb ſerues to Partrich, Merle,
And Gea that painted be,
The Beare for medicine meet for him,
The Mandragore obſerues.
And the Marcellian crommie for
Lucinas Goates it ſerues.

But

But we are ignorant of all,
Euen after hauing had
Acquired in bookes a knowledge, that
Sophiſtique is and bad.
An art ay ſnappring, and withall,
A knowledge quite vnknowne,
Which neuer enters but into
The hoarie heads, and thrown
Of men who worne, and broken with
A labour too ingrate,
In ſeeking others healthes, they leeſe
Their owne, ſuch is their ſtate:
Or rather, who do make themſelues,
By others perrils ſore,
Full famous Doctors, and by drinks
Vntimous doe they ſtore,
And fill with Hillocks the Church-yard,
And lacking feare or ſhame,
Do bourreaus make themſelues be paid,
For murthers made by thame.
I doe not ſpeake heere of the good,
The learned and the wiſe,
Into whoſe hearts, the feare of God
Imprinted deepely lies,
And who doe skilfully within
Our bodies ſtay and tie,
Our ſpreits of life, that otherwiſe,
Were readie out to flie:
For I doe ſurely honor theſe,
As heauenly men celeſt,
Healthes leaning ſtocks, and banniſhers
Of euery death and Peſt.
Dame Natures counſellers, and the
Almighties agents ay,
And Stewards, and Store-maiſters wiſe,
Of flouriſhing age alway.

But if that any paine by art
Of man may ſlaked be,
Theſe learned learn'd it haue euen of
Their Colledge dumme we ſee:
For we doe the Phlebotomie
Of the Sea-horſſes take,
Of the wilde Goats the Recipeis
That for the eies we make.
Of Ibis and the Heron we
The Laxatiue cliſters haue,
Of Beares and Lyons the Auſtere
Great diets we receaue.
Now all theſe Campions fearce they do,
The bodie but perſew.
Some inwardly do make aſſault,
And outwardlie anew:
Or if that any take them to
The ſoule moſt pleaſant faire,
That no waies is directlie but
For that they will not ſpare
To croſſe her feeble Officers,
And ſpoile her worklumes fine,
Whereby ſhe (learn'd) ſo many works
Makes ſubtilie deuine.
Bvt Lo foure fearefull Captaines now,
Whoſe furie hoat aſſaies,
To dreſſe a batterie great againſt
The Spreit in many waies:
His conſtancie in a brangle puts,
And promptlie drawes apace,
Euen from the path of reaſon quite,
Their judgement blind alace,
Opinions Children who thought they
Inuiſible be cleine,
Yet they their harmefull motions through,
The bodies makes to ſheine.

The firſt is irkſomnes, the which
A drumlie cloud doth holde,
And from the crowne euen of the head
Vnto the foot doth folde:
Doth rauing drant both night and day,
Growes old or age be neere,
The longeſt skorie rinckles on
His face as Furres appeare:
And in a dowiſome quiet nooke
He carefull euer thriſts,
Als manie ſighs out of his breaſt,
As teares from eies out briſts.
He guides the tarndneſſe, which to eat
The ſelfe doth neuer faile,
The weeping pitie, and withall
The heauie ſadnes paile:
And the enrag'd diſpair, which with
Straiks blea-hewde beats the ſell,
Who with Coales, Aſpiks, Tedders als
For Armour meet doth mell.
The throwart eied enuie, withall
Fat of the leanes ay
Of deareſt friends, who reſtleſlie
Doth gnaw her ſelfe away:
Like famiſht POLIPVS, who in
Vnhaps doth bath her ſtill,
And (moſt ill willie) but on teares
Her wrath doth feed and fill.
And als the jelouſie, which but
To ſlumber once doth feare,
And euer (moſt ſuſpicious) hath
The Flea into the eare:
And farre mo eies then he who being
By HERMES witcht at laſt,
Did the Inachien beautie let
Be ſtolne he ſleeping faſt.

THE Second Captaine ſure is joy,
Exceſsiuelie to glade,
Who skoups, and lightlie ſtarties, and
Whome to the ſtreet that made
By APPIVS was, to narrow is,
Whoſe ſences all they do
Euen at the wiſhes als enjoy
Moſt plea ſant pleaſures to:
Who guides effronted vanterie that
Doth euer faine and lie,
A flatterer, and importune, and
That euer crying be:
And pride brow-bender Gyant who
Wings on his backe doth beare,
And with his loftie forhead hits,
The Starrie ſylring cleare:
And many others like the Bels,
Who boldned in a raine,
Do ſwelling emptie riſe vpon
The wake and humid plaine.
The feare whoſe ſides inceſſantly
Do buſie beat apace,
Whoſe boſome hath no heart, nor vaines
Haue blood in any caſe:
Nor ſpreit hath counſaile, yet ſhe daunts
Vs quite that feeble dame,
Euen with the terrour pale, and with
The Land-wart bluſhing ſhame:
And ſwearneſſe als at ſloweſt pace
Which euer comes and creepes,
The which with willing yrnes her armes
At all times faſtned keepes:
Who laſhlie dreames both night and day,
A barren, vndought eik,
A vile paralitique feeble one,
Who begging aid doth ſeeke.

And

And thou ô Couetouſnes the which
The earth, nor yet the aire,
Nor ſea, or heauen can euer fill
Or ſtanch thy luſting caire.
Who crookes for eyes, and groundleſſe deepes,
For entrailles carries ay,
And clookes for hands, thou fences with
Poore ADAM euery way,
Thou does vnto the combate bring,
Ambition boudned vaine,
That burnes in ſlow and ſoaking fire,
Whoſe paſsion to containe
Or bound in EPICVRVS worlds,
Is booteleſſe to eſſay,
Who in his hand doth Scepters als
In paintrie carrie ay.
Thou brings the greedie Auarice,
Enarmed all with cleekes,
And cled with glew, who neuer briggs
For her ſafe paſſage ſeekes,
Both through CHARIBDIS baying, and
Through traitrous SYRTES fell,
Who growes the miſerabler the more
Her wealth growes with her ſell.
A monſter fierce without reſpect,
Or loue, or faith, who will
Her neighbours ſorelie harme, but yet
Her ſelf more euer ſtill.
Who puts her hand in euerie thing,
Mœchanicklie too vyle.
Lyke TANTALYS in middſt of goods,
Full poore euen all the whyle.
Who nombers neuer what ſhe hath,
But what ſhe lak'th doth count,
A foule, who though well winged, yet
She hie doth neuer mount.

Thou wrathfull contrare ADAM does
Lead forward to the warre,
The wrath, the which alreadie goes
Then thunder ſwifter farre.
Who ſullen like a Sanglier makes
Her awfull teeth to crack,
Her haire ſtarts woudderſhunes, and whiles
Her burning eyes doth make
To reill, whiles tieth to the ground:
Whoſe horrible face it will
Whiles paill, whiles firie, rout with voice
Moſt wilde and elrage ſtill:
The ground ſtamps with her feet, her hands
On other raſh apace:
She poiſon, fire, and cruell ſworde,
Into that foming cace
Beares in her hand, them for to kill,
Whome ſyne ſhe doth lament,
And lightlies death prouiding that
Her fellow alſo went:
Like as a hinging wall which by
The winde louſe ſhaken bene,
Doth bruze the ſelf on that, the which
Vnder it all bruz'd is clene.
Thou makes vnto the fight to come
Squar'd arrowes bearing loue,
Which tyrants painting will I not
After all th'Apelleſis proue
That FRANCE hath borne, and ſhortlie then,
Beneath thy Standarts faire,
Thou makes als manie Soldats els
For to be marching there
As there be verry goods, or for
Reſemblance ſo doth trow
The King of beaſts who of him ſelfe
Is not the maiſter now.

But if theſe paſsions that purſewes
And touches vs ſo neere,
Would ſwiftlie paſſe away as doth,
A glancing lightening cleere
Then were it nothing, but allace
They oftentimes doe leaue
The venomed ſting into the ſoule
Which hurting they deceaue:
From that ſo drumlie ſpring doth flow,
The deadlie poiſons fell,
The SODOMIES, theſts, and inceſts,
And treaſons vile to tell.
The blaſphemies, the falſe contracts,
Conſpiring, drunkeneſſe eik,
The Sacriledge, wait-laying, murther,
And Reafe that praies do ſeek.
Allace theſe langors (that be worſe
Then thouſand deaths be farr,)
Are different from the langores that
Makes with the bodie warre.
Who are auowedlie enemies,
And by their malice do,
Giue to the Patient manie a ſigne
Of healthes attaining to.
Whiles by the brangling pulſe, and whiles
Euen by their colour viue,
Whiles by the ſtinging needels of
Strong dolour that doth grieue.
So as well knowing once the euill,
That doth vs brooke and binde,
It is not too difficill ſyne,
The remedie to finde.
But theſe our euils for that they in
Our vnderſtanding raigne,
Who onelie ought and may diſcerne
Of them, they do remaine

Vnknowne

Vnknowne at all and for that cauſe
Doth PODALIRIVS ſtay,
To runne to ANTICIRE to get
His health in anie way.
And furthermore the Feuerous man,
We feuerous do him call,
Hydropique we hydropique name,
Diſsimuling not at all
Inunder the deceatfull maſque,
Of fained words the paine
That crewell, doth our members with
Her torments ſharpe demaine.
Contrariwiſe, the Spreit is of
The ſelf the flatterer ay,
The owne skabb clawes, and with a ſtyle
That lyar is alway
By cloaking of his vices lets
The Vlcer blinde to feare,
The Cautere needles quite for it
Of reaſon for to heare:
And ſure if euer vice did cleith
The ſelf in anie where
With the vnſpotted famous cloak
Of holie vertue faire
It certainlie is in our age
Worſe by a hundreth folde,
Then when on all the earth the waues
Quite vniuerſal rolde.
Of ſinnes diſcourſe I will not that
Are vildeſt in degree,
Wherewith the bedds infamous of
The greateſt ſpotted be.
For feare that in offending of
The holies tender eare,
I rather ſeeme to teach them then
To wiſh them to forbeare.

They

They who vpon their bodies with
Grangores gnawne and deformed,
Beares Woods, faire Meidowes, Caſtles als
In threads of Gold transformed.
And whoſe hands prodigall into
Once ſhifting of the Cairts,
One Iuſting proud, one Banquet great,
Doe waſt with glorious hearts
The treaſures gathered by the paines
And niggard trauels ſore.
Of their forebeers occurrars, cal'd,
Are liberall euermore.
They whoſe affected going, and
Whoſe fairded deintie cheekes,
Whoſe accent all effeminat,
Whoſe bonnie blincks and keeks,
Whoſe feeble coward heart and ſpreit,
Whoſe ſoft and ſouple weed
Declares, that they are onelie men
Of outward ſhew indeed.
O theſe be courtlie proper and feat,
Thoſe who from bed to bed
Like Goat-bucks wander vagabonds,
Whoſe charming mouthes haue led
And chaſte SVSANNAES tyſted halfe
And euer famiſht, flee
To euerie pray: ô ſurely theſe
Are Louers cal'd we ſee.
They who by falſe contracts, and by
Vnlawfull meaſures do
Acquire (oppreſſours) ſubſtance, yea,
And princely riches too:
And goes Sophiſticating all
The ſimple ſtrangers ay,
And hundreths doe for hundreths lend,
Are Stewards good they ſay.

Who in reuenges badd deſire,
Do euer thriſt and burne,
Who bathes themſelues in blood, and puts
No difference in their turne
Of ranke, of Sexe, of age, but ſtill
Moſt cruell they defile,
Colde blooded into euery corps
Their murthering hands and vile,
Are men of moſt magnanime ſpreit.
O would to God that FRANCE
Were voyd of men of ſpreit, ſince that
Our manhead doth aduance,
And fight for our ilwillers, and
Suckes out our blood apace,
Makes waſt our Cities, and doth breſh
Our verie ſides allace.
O would to God the Targe, the Pike,
The Sword might changed be
In ploughs for to mannure the Land.
O ſhall I neuer ſee
The Spiders long and threadie feet
Full buſie for to weaue,
Within the holloweſt of a healme
Deckt with a pennage braue?
But if ye French-men greene ſo faſt
To Battailes for to go,
And if that awfull Ennyon ſeethes
Into your bowels ſo,
What gaine or profite holdes you heere,
And makes you ſtay ſo long?
Our fields of beſtiall voyd, of wealth
Are all our Cities ſtrong.
Then go ye, runne ô warlike youth
Whome no diſtreſſe can dant,
Another Gaulien Greece into
Natolia for to plant:

Go run in Flanders, and do yee
Moſt mercifull releeue
Your brethren Belges from the yoake
Of Spaine that doth them greeue.
Run vnto Portugale, and people
Of new Gallicia now,
And do your names engraue againe
In PORT-VLISSES brow.

THus louing Reader as thou ſees,
Now haue I made an end,
Vnto this worke which man did write,
But by the Lord is pend:
Wherein as I haue preaſt to make
The Authour knowne to all,
That into Brittaine Ile remaine,
Where he before was thrall
Within the onelie bounds of France,
So doubt I not thou will
Excuſe my blotting of his face,
And blame my lacke of skill
Which letted me to imitate
His hard and loftie verſe,
His arrowes headed blunt by me,
As earſt could no waies pearce.
But ſince both profite may heerein,
And pleaſure reaped be,
Though metamorphos'd all I grant,
And quite transform'd by me:
Yet ought thou juſtlie loue and like
My painefull trauels bent,
It is ſufficient vnto me,
Thou know my good intent.

FINIS.

VERI TAS.

CASTI TAS.

THE

LEPANTO OF IAMES

the sixt, King of Scotland.

AT EDINBVRGH

PRINTED BY

Robert Walde-graue

Printer to the Kings *Maiestie.*

Cum priuilegio Regali.

THE AVTHORS
PREFACE TO THE READER.

IT falles out often, that the effects of mens actions comes cleane contrarie to the intent of the Authour. The same finde I by experience (beloued Reader) in my Poëme of LEPANTO: *For although till now, it haue not bene imprinted, yet being set out to the publick view of many, by a great sort of stoln Copies, purchast (in truth) without my knowledge or consent, it hath for lack of a Præface, bene in some things misconstrued by sundry, which I of verie purpose thinking to haue omitted, for that the writing therof, might haue tended in my opinion, to some reproach of the skilfull learnednes of the Reader, as if his braines could not haue conceaued so vncurious a worke, without some maner of Commentarie, and so haue made the worke more displeasant vnto him: it hath by the contrary falen out, that the lack therof, hath made it the more displeasant to some, through their mistaking a part of the meaning thereof. And for that I knowe, the special thing misliked in it, is, that I should seeme, far contrary to my degree and Religion, like a Mercenary Poët, to penne a worke,* ex professo, *in praise of a forraine Papist bastard: I will by setting downe the nature and order*

der

der of the Poëme, resolue the ignorant of their error, & mak the other sort inexcusable of their captiousnes. The nature then of this Poëme, is an argument, à minore ad majus, *largely intreated by a Poetike comparison, beeing to the writing hereof mooued, by the stirring vppe of the league and cruell persecution of the Protestants in all countries, at the very first raging wherof, I compiled this Poëme, as the exhortatiō to the persecuted in the hinmost eight lines thereof doth plainely testifie, being both begun and ended in the same Summer, wherein the league was published in France. The order of the Cantique is this: First, a Poetique Præface, declaring the mater I treat of: wherein, I name not* DON-IOAN, *neither literally nor any waies by description, which I behooued to haue doone, if I had penned the whole Poëme in his praise, as* VIRGIL, Arma virumque cano, & HOMER, Dic mihi musa virum, *of whose imitatiō I had not bene ashamed, if so my purpose had bene framed. Next followes my inuocation to the true God only, and not to all the He and She Saints, for whose vaine honors,* DON-IOAN *fought in all his wars. Next after my inuocation, follows the poetique History of my comparison, wherin following furth the ground of a true History, (as* VIRGIL *or* HOMER *did) like a painter shadowing with vmbers a portrait els drawn in grosse, for giuing it greter viuenes, so I eike or paire to the circumstaunces of the actions, as the rules of the poeticke art will permit: which Historicke comparison continues till the song of the Angels: in the which I compare and applie the former comparison to our present estate, taking occasion thereupon to speake some what of our religion. Lastlie the Epilogue of the whole in the*

last

laſt eight lines, declares fully my intention in the whole, and explaines ſo fullye my compariſon and Argument, from the more to the leſſe, as I cannot without ſhamefull repetition ſpeake anie more therof. And in a word: what ſo euer praiſe I haue giuen to DON. IOAN *in this Poëme, it is neither in accompting him as firſt or ſecond cauſe of that victorie, but onely as of a particular man, when hee falles in my way, to ſpeake the truth of him. For as it becomes not the honour of my eſtate, like an hireling, to pen the praiſe of any man: So becomes it far leſſe the highnes of my rancke and calling, to ſpare for the feare or fauor of whomſoeuer liuing, to ſpeake or write the trueth of anie. And thus crauing pardon (beloued Reader) for this long-ſome Apologie (beeing driuen thereto, not by nature, but by neceſſitie) I bid you hartely fare-well.*

THE LEPANTO
OF IAMES THE SIXT,
King of Scotland.

I Sing a wondrous worke of God,
I ſing his mercies great,
I ſing his juſtice heere-withall
Powr'd from his holy ſeat.
To wit, a cruell Martiall warre,
A bloodie battell bolde,
Long doubtſome fight, with ſlaugh-
(ter huge
And wounded manifold.
Which fought was in LEPANTOES gulfe
Betwixt the baptiz'd race,
And circumſiſed Turband Turkes
Rencountring in that place.
O onely God, I pray thee thriſe,
Thriſe one in perſons three,
Alike Eternall, like of might,
Although diſtinct yee be.
I pray thee Father, through thy Sonne,
Thy word immortall ſtill,
The great ARCHANGEL of records
And worker of thy will,
To make thy holie Spreit my Muſe,
And eik my pen inflame,
Aboue my skill to write this worke
To magnifie thy name.

INTO the turning ſtill of times,
I erre, no time can be,
Where was and is, and times to come,
Confounded are all three.
I meane before great God in Heauen,
(For Sunne and Moone deuides
The times in Earth by houres and dayes,
And ſeaſons ſtill that ſlides.)
Yet Man, whome Man muſt vnderſtand,
Muſt ſpeake into this cace,
As man, our fleſh will not permit,
Wee heauenlie things imbrace.
Then, as I els began to ſay,
One day it did fall out,
As glorious God in gliſtering throne,
With Angells round about
Did ſit, and Chriſt at his right hand,
That craftie Satan came,
Deceauer, Lyar, hating man,
And Gods moſt ſacred name.
This olde abuſer ſtood into
The preſence of the Lord,
Then in this manner Chriſt accus'de,
The ſower of diſcord.
I know thou from that City comes,
CONSTANTINOPLE great,
Where thou haſt by thy malice made
The faithles Turkes to freat.
Thou haſt inflamde their maddeſt mindes
With raging fire of wraith,
Againſt them all that doe profeſſe
My name with feruent fayth.
How long ô Father ſhall they thus,
Quite vnder foote be tred,
By faithles folkes, who executes
What in this ſnake is bred.

Then Satan anſwerd, Fayth? quoth he,
Their Faith is too too ſmall,
They ſtriue me thinke on either part,
Who fartheſt backe can fall,
Haſt thou not giuen them in my hands,
Euen boath the ſides I ſay,
That I, as beſt doth ſeeme to me,
May vſe them euery way?
THEN IEHOVA, whoſe nod doth make,
The heauens and mountaines quake,
Whoſe ſmalleſt wrath the centres makes,
Of all the Earth to ſhake.
Whoſe worde did make the worlde of nought,
And whoſe approouing ſyne,
Did ſtabliſh all euen as wee ſee,
By force of voice deuine.
This God began from thundering throte,
Graue wordes of waight to bring,
All chriſtians ſerues my Sonne though not
Aright in everie thing.
No more ſhall now theſe Chriſtians be
With Infidels oppreſt,
So of my holie hallowed name
The force is great and bleſt,
Deſiſt ô tempter. GABRIEL come
O thou ARCHANGEL true,
Whome I haue oft in meſſage ſent
To Realmes and Townes anew.
Go quicklie hence to Venice Towne,
And put into their minds
To take reuenge of wrongs the Turks
Haue done in ſundrie kinds.
No whiſling winde with ſuch a ſpeed,
From hilles can hurle ore heugh,
As he whoſe thought doth furniſh ſpeed,
His thought was ſpeed aneugh.

This Towne it ſtands within the Sea,
Fiue miles or there about,
Vpon no Ile nor ground, the Sea
Runnes all the ſtreets throughout.
Who ſtood vpon the Steeple head
Should ſee a wondrous ſight,
A Towne to ſtand without a ground,
Her ground is made by ſlight:
Strong Timber props dung in the Sea
Do beare her vp by art,
An Ile is all her market place
A large and ſpacious part,
A Duke with Senate joynd doth rule,
Saint MARKE is patron chiefe,
Ilk yeare they wedde the Sea with rings
To be their ſure reliefe.
The Angell then ariu'd into
This artificiall Towne,
And chang'd in likenes of a man,
He walkes both vp and downe,
While time he met ſome man of ſpreit,
And then began to ſay,
What doe we all? me thinke we ſleepe:
Are we not day by day
By cruell Turks and infidels
Moſt ſpitefullie oppreſt?
They kill our Knights, they braſh our forts,
They let vs neuer reſt.
Go too, go too, once make a proofe:
No more let vs deſiſt
To bold attempts God giues ſucceſſe,
If once aſſay we liſt:
With this he goes away, this man
Vnto another tels
The purpoſe whereunto they both
Agree among them ſels.

This

This other to another tels,
And ſo from hand to hand
It ſpreads and goes, and all that heard
It, neceſſare it fand.
And laſt of all, it comes vnto
The Duke and Senates eare,
Who found it good, and followed furth
The ſame as ye ſhall heare.
The Towne was driuen into this time,
In ſuch a piteous ſtrait
By Mahometiſts, that they had els
Giuen ouer all debait:
The Turke had conqueſt Cyprus Ile,
And all their lands that lay
Without the bounds of Italie,
Almoſt the whole I ſay:
And they for laſt refuge of all,
Had moou'd each Chriſtian King
To make their Churches pray for their
Reliefe in euerie thing.
The Towne with piteous plaints did call
Vpon the Lord of might,
With praying ſtill and faſting oft,
And groning all the night,
Was nothing heard but ſobs and ſighs,
Was nothing ſeene but teares,
Yea ſorrow draue the braueſt men
With mourning to their beares.
The women ſwound for ſorrow oft,
The babe for woe did weepe,
To ſee the mother giuing milke
Such dolefull geſture keepe.
Young men and maids within the towne
Were ay arraid in blacke,
Each Eau'n the Sunne was ſoonet hid
Then earſt, the night to macke.

No VENVS then, nor CVPID falſe
durſt kyth or once appeare,
For paile diſtreſſe had baniſht them,
By ſadde and ſory cheare.
As Seas did compaſſe them about,
As Seas the Streets did runne.
So Seas of teares did ever flowe,
The houſes all within.
As Seas within were joynd with howles,
So Seas without did raire,
Thair carefull cries to Heauen did mount
Reſounding in the aire.
O ſtay my Muſe, thou goes too farre,
Shewe where we left before,
Leſt trikling teares ſo fill my penne
That it will write no more.
THEN VENICE being in this ſtate,
When GABRIEL there was ſent,
His ſpeaches ſpred abroad, made Towne
And Senat both ſo bent
To take reuenge, as they implorde
The Chriſtian Princes ayd,
Of forces ſuch, as eaſilie,
They might haue ſpard and maid.
At laſt, ſupport was granted them,
The holie league was paſt,
Als long to ſtande, as twixt the Turkes
And Chriſtians warre ſhoulde laſt.
It was agreed, that into March,
Or Aprill every yeare,
The armie ſhoulde on eaſterne Seas,
Convene from farre and neare.
THVS bent vpon their interpriſe,
The principalls did conveene,
Into MESSENA to conſult,
What order ſhould haue beene,

Obſeru'd

Obſeru'd in all their armie great:
There DON IOAN d'AVSTRIA came,
Their Generall great, and VENIER als
Came there in Venice name.
From GENES ANDREA DOREE came
And Rome COLONNE ſent,
When they with others many daies
Had into counſaile ſpent,
In end ASCAGNIO DE LA CORNE
A Martiall man and wiſe
His counſaile gaue, as ye ſhall heare
Vpon their enterpriſe.
THREE cauſes be (ô Chieftaines braue)
That ſhould a Generall let,
On Fortunes light vncertaine wheele
The victorie to ſet:
Firſt, if the loſſe may harme him more,
Then winning can auaile,
As if his Realme he doe defend
From them that it aſſaile:
The next is when the contrare Hoſt
Is able to deuide
For ſicknes ſore or famine great
Then beſt is to abide.
The third and laſt, it is in caſe
His forces be too ſmall,
Then better farre is to delay,
Then for to periſh all:
But ſince of theſe two former points
We need not ſtand in doubt,
Then though we leeſe, we may defend
Our Countries round about.
As to the laſt, this armie is
So awfull ſtrong and faire,
And furniſht ſo with neceſſares
Through your foreſeing cair,

That nought doth reſt but courage bolde.
Then ſince your ſtate is ſuch,
With truſt in God aſſay your chance
Good cauſe availeth much.
But ſpeciallie take heede to this,
That ere yee make away,
Ye order all concerning warre,
Into their due array:
For if while that yee ſee your foes,
Yee ſhall continewe all,
Then ſhall their ſuddaine ſight with feare
Your braueſt Spreits appall,
Each one commande a ſundry thing,
Aſtoniſht of the cace,
And everie ſimple Soldat ſhall
Vſurpe his Captaines place.
This counſall ſo contents them all,
That everie man departs,
With whiſpering much, and ſo reſolues
With bolde magnanime harts.
THEIR preparations being made,
They all vpon a day,
Their biting ankers, gladlie wayed,
And made them for the way.
The Grecian Fleet, for HELENS cauſe,
That NEPTVNS town did ſack:
In braue array, or gliſtring armes,
No match to them could mak.
There came eight thouſand Spaniards braue,
From hotte and barren SPAINE,
Good ordour kepars, cold in fight,
With proud diſdainfull braine.
From pleaſant fertill ITALIE,
There came twelue thouſand als,
With ſubtill ſpreites bent to reuenge,
By craftie meanes and fals.

Three

Three thouſande ALMANS alſo came,
From Countries colde and wide,
Theſe monney men with awfull cheare
The chok will dourelie bide.
From diuers partes did alſo come,
Three thouſand venturers braue,
All voluntaires of conſcience mou'd,
And would no wages haue.
Armde Galleyes twice a hundr'and eight,
Six ſhippes all wondrous great,
And fiue and twentie loadned Shipps
With baggage and with meate.
With fourtie other little barkes
And prettie Galeots ſmall,
Of theſe aforeſaide was compound
The Chriſtian Nauie all.
THIS cloude of Gallies thus began
On NEPTVNS back to rowe,
And in the Shippes the marriners,
Did skippe from towe to towe
With willing mindes they hailde the Tyes,
And hoiſt the flaffing Sayles,
And ſtrongeſt towes, from higheſt maſtes,
With force and practique hayles.
The Forceats lothſomlie did rowe,
In Gallies gainſt their will,
Whome Galley maſters oft did beat,
And threaten euer ſtill.
The ſoming Seas did bullor vp,
The risking Oares did raſhe,
The Soldats peeces for to clenge
Did ſhoures of ſhotts delaſhe.
BVT as the Deuill is reddie bent,
Good workes to hinder ay,
So ſowd he in this Nauie ſtrife,
Their good ſucceſſe to ſtay:

Yet did the wiſdomes of the Chiefes
And of the generall moſt,
Compound all quarrels and debates
That were into that Hoſt,
Preferring wiſely as they ought,
The honor of the Lord,
Vnto their owne, the publicke cauſe,
To priuate mens diſcord.
THE feathered fame of wondrous ſpeed
That doth delite to flee
On tops of houſes pratling all
That ſhe can heare or ſee,
Part true, part falſe: this monſter ſtrange
Among the Turks did tell,
That diuers Chriſtian Princes joynd,
Reſolu'd with them to mell.
Then ſpies were ſent abroad, who tolde
The matter as it ſtood,
Except in Arithmetique (as
It ſeemd) they were not good,
For they did count their number to
Be leſſethen was indeed,
Which did into the great Turks mind
A great diſdaining breed:
A perrillous thing, as euer came
Into a Chieftaines braine,
To ſet at nought his foes (though ſmall)
By lighleing diſdaine.
Then SELYM ſent a nauie out,
Who wanderd without reſt,
Whill time into LEPANTOES gulfe
They all their Ankers keſt.
IN ſeaſon when with ſharpeſt hooks
The buſie ſhearers cowe
The fruitfull yallow lockes of golde,
That doe on CERES growe,

And

And when the ſtrongeſt Trees for weight
Of birth do downward bow
Their heauie heads, whoſe colourd knops
In ſhowers raines ripelie now,
And Husband-men with woodbind crownes
To twice borne BACHVS dance,
Whoſe pleaſant poyſon ſweet in taſt,
Doth caſt them in a trance:
Into this riping ſeaſon ſure,
The Chriſtian Hoſt I ſay,
Were all aſſembled for to make
Them Readie for the way:
But or they from MESSENA came,
The Vines were ſtanding bair,
Trees voyd of fruit and CERES polde,
And lacking all her hair:
But when that leaues, with ratling falles
In banks of withered boughes,
And carefull laborers do begin,
To yoke the painefull ploughes
The Nauies neere to other drew,
And VENIER (ſent before)
Gaue falſe Alarum, ſending word,
The Turks had skowp'd the ſcore,
That fiftie Galleis quite were fled,
This word he ſent expreſſe,
To make the Chriſtians willinglie
To battell them adreſſe,
As ſo they did, and enterd all,
(Moou'd by that famin ſlight.)
Into LEPANTOES gulfe, and there
Preparde them for the fight.
WHILL this was doing heere on earth,
Great God who creats all,
(With wakrife eie preordoning
What euer doth befall.)

Was ſitting in his pompous Throne,
In hieſt Heauen aboue,
And glorioufliе accompanied
With juſtice and with loue:
The one hath ſmiling countenance,
The other frowning cheare,
The one to mercie ſtill perſwades
Him as a Father deare,
The other for to powre his plagues
Vpon repining ſinne,
And fill the fields with wofull cries,
The houſes all with dinne,
But yet the Lord ſo temperates them,
That both doe brooke their place,
For Iuſtice whiles obtaines her will,
But euermore doth grace:
IEHOVA als hath ballances,
Wherewith hee weighs aright
The greateſt and the heauieſt ſinnes
With ſmaller faults and light,
Theſe grace did mooue him for to take,
And ſo he weighed in Heauen,
The Chriſtian faults with faithleſſe Turkes,
The ballance ſtood not eauen,
But ſweid vpon the faithleſſe ſide:
And then with awfull face,
Frownd God of Hoſts, the whirling Heauens
For feare did tremble apace,
The ſtaieſt Mountaines ſhuddred all,
The grounds of earth did ſhake,
The Seas did bray, and PLVTOES Realme
For horrour colde did quake.
HOVV ſoone AVRORAS ioyfull face,
Had ſhead the ſhadie night,
And made the chiuering Larks to ſing
For gladnes of the light,

And Phoebe with inconſtant face,
In Seas had gone to reſt,
And Phoebvs chaſing vapours moiſt,
The Skie made blew celeſt:
The Generall of the Chriſtian Hoſt
Vpon his Galley Maſt,
The bloodie ſigne of furious Mars
Made to bee fixed faſt.
Then as into a ſpacious towne,
At breaking of the day,
The buſie worke-men doe prepare
Their Worklumes euery way,
The Wright doth ſharpe his hacking Axe,
The Smith his grinding File,
Glaſſe-makers beets their fire that burnes
Continuall not a while,
The Painter mixes colours viue,
The Printer Letters ſets,
The Maſon clinckes on Marble Stones,
Which hardlie dreſt he gets:
Euen ſo, how ſoone this Warriour world
With earneſt eies did ſee
Yon ſigne of Warre, they all prepard
To winne or els to die:
Heere Hagbutters prepard with ſpeed
A number of Bullets round,
There Cannoners, their Canons ſteild
To make diſtroying ſound,
Here Knights did dight their burniſht brands,
Their Archers bowes did bend,
The Armorers on Corſlets knockes,
And Harneſſe hard did mend,
The feirie Marriners at once
Makes all their tackling clair
With whiſpering dinne, and cries confus'de,
Preparing here and there:

As buſie Bees within their Hyues
With murmuring euer ſtill,
Are earn'ſt vpon their fruitfull worke
Their emptie holes to fill.
The Flags and Enſeigneis were diſplaid,
At ZEPHYRS will to waue,
Each painted in the colours cleere
Of euery owner braue.
BVT all this time in carefull minde,
The Generall euer rolde,
What manner of array would beſt
Fit ſuch an Armie bolde,
To pance on this it paind him more,
This more did trouble his breſt,
Then Canons, Corſe-lets, Bullets, tackle,
And ſwordes, and bowes, the reſt,
And at the laſt with ripe aduiſe,
Of Chieftaines ſage and graue
He ſhead in three in Creſſents forme,
This martiall Armie braue:
The Generall in the battaile was,
And COLONNE vndertooke
The right wing with the force of GENES,
The left did VENIER brooke.
WHEN this was done, the Spaniſh Prince
Did row about them all,
And on the names of ſpeciall men
With louing ſpeach did call,
Remembring them how righteous was
Their quarrell, and how good,
Immortall praiſe, and infinit gaines,
To conquer with their blood,
And that the glorie of God in earth,
Into their manhead ſtands,
Through juſt reliefe of Chriſtian ſoules
From cruell Pagans hands:

But if the ennemie triumphed
Of them and of their fame,
In millions men to bondage would
Profeſsing Ieſus name.
The SPANIOL Prince exhorting thus
With glad and ſmiling cheare,
With ſugred wordes, and geſture good,
So pleas'd both eie and eare
That euerie man cryed victorie:
This word abroad they blew,
A good preſage that victorie
Thereafter ſhould enſew.
THE Turquiſh Hoſt in maner like
Themſelues they did array,
The which two, BASHAAS did command
And order euerie way.
For PORTAN BASHA had in charge,
To gouerne all by land,
And ALI-BASHA had by Sea
The onely cheife command.
Theſe BASHAAS in the Battaile were,
With mo then I can tell,
And MAHOMET BEY the right wing had,
The left OCHIALI fell.
Then ALI-BASHA viſied all
With bolde and manly face,
Whoſe tongue did vtter courage more
Then had alluring grace:
He did recount amongſt the reſt
What victorie Turks obtaind
On catife Chriſtians, and how long
The OTTOMANS race had raignd.
He told them als, how long themſelues
Had victours euer bene,
Euen of theſe ſame three Princes ſmall,
That now durſt ſo conuene,

And would yee then giue ſuch a lie
Vnto your glories paſt,
As let your ſelues be ouerthrowne
By looſers at the laſt?
This victorie ſhall Europe make
To be your conqueſt pray,
And all the rare things thereintill,
Ye carry ſhall away:
But if ye leeſe, remember well
How ye haue made them thrall,
This ſamin way, or worſe ſhall they
Demaine you one and all,
And then ſhall all your honours paſt
In ſmoke euaniſh quite,
And all your pleaſures turne in paine
In dolour your delite:
Take courage then, and boldlie to it,
Our MAHOMET will aid,
Conducting all your ſhots, and ſtroakes,
Of Arrow, Dart, and blaid:
For nothing care but onely one
Which onelie doth me fray,
That ere with them we euer meet
For feare they flee away:
This ſpeach did ſo the Armie pleaſe,
And ſo their minds did mooue,
That clincks of Swordes, and rattle of Pikes,
His ſpeaches did approoue.
THE gliſtering cleare of ſhining Sunne
Made both the Hoſts ſo glance,
As fiſhes eies did reele to ſee
Such hewes on Seas to dance:
But TITAN ſhinde on eies of Turkes
And on the Chriſtian backes,
Although the wauering wind the which
But ſeldome ſetling tackes,

The Turkes did ſecond euer ſtill
Whill but a little ſpace
Before the chocke, ô miracle,
It turnd into their face,
Which Chriſtians joyfull as a ſeale
And token did receaue,
That God of Hoſts had promis'd them
They victorie ſhould haue.
Hovv ſoone a Cannons ſmokie throat
The Seas did dindle all,
And on BELLONA bold and wiſe,
And bloodie MARS did call,
And that the ſounding cleare of braſſe
Did als approoue the ſame,
And kindled courage into men
To winne immortall fame.
But what? Me thinke I doe intend
This battaile to recite,
And what by Martiall force was done
My pen preſumes to write,
As if I had yon bloodie God,
And all his power ſeene,
Yea to deſcriue the God of Hoſts
My pen had able beene:
No, no, no man that witnes was
Can ſet it out aright,
Then how can I by heare-ſay do,
Which none could do by ſight:
But ſince I raſhlie tooke in hand,
I muſt aſſay it now,
With hope that this my good intent
Ye Readers will allow:
I alſo truſt that euen as he
Who in the Sunne doth walke
Is colourd by the ſamin Sunne,
So ſhall my following talke

Some fauour keepe of Martiall acts,
Since I would paint them out,
And God ſhall to his honour als
My pen guide out of dout.
THIS warning giuen to Chriſtians they
With Turks yoake heere and there,
And firſt the ſixe aforeſaid Ships
That were ſo large and fair,
And placed were in the former ranks,
Did firſt of all perſew
With Bullets, Raiſers, Chaines, and nailes,
That from their peeces flew:
Their Cannons rummiſht all at once,
Whoſe mortall thudding draue,
The fatall Turks to be content
With THETIS for their graue.
The Fiſhes were aſtoniſht all,
To heare ſuch hideous ſound,
The Azur Skie was dim'd w'th Smoke,
The dinne that did abound,
Like thunder rearding rumling raue
With roares the higheſt Heauen,
And pearſt with pith the gliſtering vaults
Of all the Planets ſeauen:
The piteous plaints, the hideous howles,
The greeuous cries and mones,
Of millions wounded ſundrie waies,
But dying all at ones,
Conjoynd with former horrible ſound,
Diſtemperd all the aire,
And made the Seas for terrour ſhake
With braying euery where:
Yet all theſe vnacquainted roares,
The feareful threatning ſound,
Ioynd with the groning murmuring howles
The courage could not wound

So farre of Turquiſh Chieftaines braue,
As them to let or fray
With boldeſt ſpeed their greeuous harmes
With like for to repay,
Who made their Cannons bray ſo faſt
And Hagbuts cracke ſo thicke,
As Chriſtians dead in number almoſt
Did countervaile the quicke,
And ſent full many carcages
Of Seas to loweſt ground,
The Cannons thuds and cries of men
Did in the skie reſound:
But Turks remaind not long vnpaid
Euen with their proper coyne,
By bitter ſhots which Chriſtians did
To former thundring ioyne:
Dead drop they downe on euery ſide,
Their ſighing Spreits eſchews,
And croſſes Styx into diſdaine,
To heare infernall newes:
Yea skarcelie could the ancient bote
Such number of ſoules containe,
But ſobbed vnderneath the weight
Of Paſſengers prophane.
While here the Father ſtood with Sonne,
A whirling round doth beare
The lead that dings the Father in droſſe
And fils the Sonne with feare,
Whill there a Chieftaine ſhrillie cries,
And Soldats doth command,
A ſpeedie Pellet ſtops his ſpeach,
And ſtaies his pointing hand,
Whill time a cluſtered troupe doth ſtand
Amaſſt together all,
A fatall Bullet them among
Makes ſome ſelected fall:

The hideous noiſe ſo deaf'd them all,
Increaſing euer ſtill,
That readie Soldats could not heare
Their wiſe commanders will,
But euery man as MARS him mou'd,
And as occaſion ſeru'd
His dutie did the beſt he might,
And for no perrill ſweru'd,
Their olde commanders precepts paſt
They put in practiſe then,
And onely memorie did command
That multitude of men.
THVS after they with Cannons had
Their dutie done a farre,
And time in end had wearied them
Of ſuch embaſſad warre,
A rude recounter then they made,
Together Galleis clipt,
And each on other raſht her noſe,
That in the Sea was dipt:
No manner of man was idle then,
Each man his armes did vſe,
No skaping place is in the Seas
Though men would MARS refuſe:
The valiant Knight with Coutlaſſe ſharpe
Of fighting foe doth part
The bloodie head from bodie pale:
Whill one with deadlie dart
Doth pearce his enemies heart in twaine,
An other fearce doth ſtrike
Quite through his fellowes Arme or Leg,
With pointed brangling Pike:
The Cannons leaues not thundering of,
Nor Hagbuts ſhooting ſtill,
And ſeldome Powder waſts in vaine,
But either wound or kill:

Yea

Yea euen the ſimple forceats fought
With beggers boltes anew,
Wherewith full manie principall men
They wounded ſore and ſlew:
Whill time a Chriſtian with a ſworde,
Lets out a faithleſſe breath,
A Turke on him doth with a darte,
Reuenge his fellowes death,
Whill time a Turk with arrow doth,
Shoot through a Chriſtians arme,
A Chriſtian with a Pike dooth pearce
The hand that did the harme:
Whill time a Chriſtian Cannon killes
A Turke with threatning ſound,
A Hagbut hittes the Cannoner,
Who dead, falles to the ground:
The beggers boltes by forceates caſten,
On all hands made to flie,
Iaw-bones and braines of kild and hurt,
Who wiſht (for paine) to die:
The clinkes of ſwords, the rattle of Pikes,
The whirre of arrowes light,
The howles of hurt, the Captaines cryes
In vaine do what they might,
The cracks of Gallies broken and bruzd,
Of Gunns the rumbling beire
Reſounded ſo, that though the Lord
Had thundered none could heare:
The Sea was verniſhed red with blood,
And fiſhes poyſond all,
As IEHOVA by MOSES rod
In Aegipt made befall.
THIS cruell fight continued thus
Vncertaine all the while,
For Fortune oft on either ſide,
Did frowne and after ſmile,

It ſeem'd that MARS and PALLAS both
Did thinke the day too ſhort
With bloodie practiſe thus to vſe
Their olde acquainted ſport:
For as the ſlaughter ay increaſt,
So did the courage ſtill,
Of Martiall men whome loſſe of friends
Enarm'd with eigre will,
The more their number did decreaſe
The more that they were harmd,
The more with MARS then were they fild
With boldning ſpite inarm'd:
Now vp now downe on either ſide,
Now Chriſtians ſeemd to winne,
Now ouerthrowne, and now againe,
They ſeemd but to beginne.
My pen for pitie cannot write,
My haire for horrour ſtands,
To thinke how many Chriſtians there
Were kild by Pagane hands.
O Lord throughout this Labyrinth
Make me the way to vew,
And let thy holy three-folde Spreit
Be my conducting clew:
O now I ſpie a bleſſed Heauen,
Our landing is not farre:
Lo good victorious tidings comes
To end this cruell warre.
IN ALL the time that thus they fought,
The Spaniſh Prince was clipt
With ALI-BASHA, whome to meet
The reſt he had oreſlipt:
And euen as throughout both the Hoſts,
Dame Fortune varied ſtill,
So kythde ſhe twixt thoſe Champions two,
Her fond inconſtant will:

For after that the Caſtels foure
Of Galleis both, with ſound,
And ſlaughter huge, their Bullets had
In other made rebound,
And all the ſmall Artillerie
Conſumde their ſhots below
In killing men, or els to cut
Some Cable ſtrong or Towe:
Yet victorie ſtill vncertaine was,
And Soldats neuer ceaſt
(With interchange of Pikes and Darts.)
To kill, or wound at leaſt.
In end, when they with blood abroad
Had bought their meeting deare,
The victorie firſt on Spaniſh ſide
Began for to appeare:
For euen the Spaniſh Prince himſelfe
Did hazard at the laſt,
Accompanied with boldeſt men
Who followd on him faſt,
By force to winne the Turquiſh decke,
The which he did obtaine,
And entered in their Galley ſyne
But did not long remaine:
For ALI-BASHA proou'd ſo well,
With his aſsiſters braue,
That backward faſter then they came
Their valiant foes they draue,
That glad they were to skape themſelues,
And leaue behind anew
Of valiant fellowes carcaſes,
Whom thus their enemies ſlew.
The Generall boldned then with ſpite,
And verniſht redde with ſhame,
Did rather chuſe to leeſe his life
Then tine his ſpreading fame:

And ſo of new encouraged
His Souldiers true and bolde,
As now for eigreneſſe they burne
Who earſt were waxed colde:
And thus they entred in againe
More fiercelie then before,
Whoſe rude aſſault could ALI then
Reſiſt not anie more,
But fled vnto the forte at STEVIN
For laſt refuge of all,
Abiding in a doubtſome feare
The chance he did befall.
A MACEDONIAN ſouldier then
Great honour for to win,
Before the reſt in earneſt hope
To BASHA bold did rin,
And with a Cutlace ſharp and fyne
Did whip mee off his head,
Who lackt not his reward of him
That did the Nauie lead:
The Generall ſyne caus'd fixe the head
Vpon his Galley Maſt,
At ſight whereof, the faithleſſe Hoſt
Were all ſo ſore agaſt,
That all amaſd gaue backe at once,
But yet were ſtaid againe,
And neuer one at all did ſcape,
But taken were or ſlaine
OCHIALI except, with three times ten
Great Galleis of his owne,
And many of the Knights of MALT
Whome he had ouerthrowne:
But if that he with his conuoy
Had miſt a ſafe retreat,
No newes had SELYM but by brute
heard euer of this defeat.

WHEN

When thus the victorie was obteind,
And thankes were giuen to God,
Twelue thouſand Chriſtians counted were
Releeu'd from Turquiſh rod.
O Spaniſh Prince whome of a glance
And ſuddainlie away
The cruell fates gaue to the world
Not ſuffering thee to ſtay.
With this the ſtill night ſad and blacke
The earth ouer ſhadowed then,
Who Morpheus brought with her and reſt
To ſteale on beaſts and men.
But all this time was Venice Towne
Reuoluing what euent
Might come of this prepared fight,
With doubtſome mindes and bent:
They long'd, and yet they durſt not long
To heare the newes of all,
They hoped good, they feard the euill,
And keſt what might befall:
At laſt the joyfull tidings came,
Which ſuch a gladnes bred,
That Matrons graue, and Maids modeſt,
The Market place beſpred:
Anone with chearefull countenance
They dreſſe them in a ring,
And thus the formeſt did begin
Syne all the reſt to ſing.

CHORVS VENETVS.

SIng praiſe to God both young and olde
That in this towne remaine,
With voice, and euerie Inſtrument,
Found out by mortall braine:
Sing praiſes to our mightie God,
Praiſe our deliuerars name,
Our louing Lord, who now in need,
Hath kythd to be the ſame.
The faithles ſnares did compaſſe vs,
Their netts were ſet about,
But yet our deareſt Father in Heauen,
He hath redeemd vs out.
Not onlie that, but by his power,
Our enemies feet they ſlaid,
Whome he hath trapt, and made to fall
Into the pit they made:
Sing praiſes then both young and olde,
That in this towne remaine,
To him that hath releeued our necks,
From Turquiſh yoak prophaine.
Let vs waſh off our ſinnes impure,
Caſt off our garments vile,
And hant his Temple euerie day,
To praiſe his name a while.
O praiſe him for the victorie,
That he hath made vs haue,
For he it was reuengd our cauſe,
And not our armie braue:

Praiſe

Praiſe him with Trumpet, Piphre, and drumme,
With Lutes, and Organes fine,
With Viols, Gitterns, Ciſtiers als,
And ſweeteſt voices ſyne:
Sing praiſe, ſing praiſe both young and olde,
Sing praiſes one and all,
To him who hath redeemd vs now,
From cruell Pagans thrall.

In hearing of this ſong mee thinks
My members waxes faint,
Nor yet from dulnes can I keepe,
My minde by no reſtraint.
But lo my Yrnie head doth nod,
Vpon my Adamant breſt,
My eie-lidds will ſtand vp no more,
But falles to take them reſt.
And through my weak and wearie hand,
Doth ſlide my pen of lead,
And ſleep doth els poſſeſſe mee all,
The ſimilitude of dead.
The God with golden wings through ports,
Of horne doth to me creepe,
Who changes ofter ſhapes transformd
Then Protevs in the deepe.
How ſoone he came, quite from my minde,
He worldlie cares remou'd,
And all my members in my bed,
Lay ſtill in reſt beloud.
And ſyne I heard a joifull ſong
Of all the fethered bands
Of holie Angels in the heauen,
Thus ſinging on all hands.

CHORVS ANGELORVM.

SIng let vs ſing with one accord
HALLELV-IAH on hie,
With euery elder that doth bow
Before the Lambe his knee:
Sing foure and twentie all with vs
Whill Heauen and earth reſound
Repleniſht with IEHOVAS praiſe
Whoſe like cannot be found:
For he it is, that is, and was,
And euermore ſhall be,
One onelie one vnſeparate,
And yet in perſons three.
Praiſe him for that he creat hath
The Heauen, the earth and all,
And euer hath preſeru'd them ſince
From their ruine and fall:
But praiſe him more if more can be,
That ſo he loues his name,
As he doth mercie ſhew to all
That doe profeſſe the ſame:
And not alanerlie to them
Profeſsing it aright,
But euen to them that mixe therewith
Their owne inuentions ſlight:
As ſpecially this ſamin time
Moſt plainlie may appeare,
In giuing them ſuch victorie
That not aright him feare:

For

For ſince he ſhewes ſuch grace to them
That thinks themſelues are juſt,
What will he more to them that in
His mercies onelie truſt?
And ſith that ſo he vſes them
That doubt for to be ſau'd,
How much more them that in their hearts
His promiſe haue engrau'd?
And ſince he doth ſuch fauour ſhew
To them that fondlie pray
To other Mediatours then
Can helpe them any way:
O how then will he fauour them,
Who praiers do direct
Vnto the Lambe, whome onely he
Ordaind for that effect?
And ſince he doth reuenge their cauſe
That worſhip God of bread,
(An errour vaine the which is bred,
But in a mortall head)
Then how will he reuenge their cauſe
That onelie feare and ſerue,
His deareſt Sonne, and for his ſake
Will for no perrils ſwerue:
And ſince that ſo he pities them
That beare vpon their brow,
The marke of Antichriſt the whoore
That great abuſer now,
Who does the trueſt Chriſtians
With fire and ſword inuade,
And make them holie Martyrs that
Their truſt in God haue laid,
How will he them that thus are vſde,
And beares vpon their face
His ſpeciall marke, a certaine ſigne
Of euerlaſting grace?

Put end vnto the traueils(Lord)
And miſeries of thy Sancts,
Remouing quite this blindnes groſſe
That now the world ſo dants:
Sing praiſes of his mercie then
His ſuperexcellence great,
Which doth exceed euen all his works
That lie before his ſeat:
And let vs ſing both now and ay
To him with one accord,
O holie, holie, God of Hoſts,
Thou euerliuing Lord.

Thvs ended was the Angels ſong,
And alſo heere I end:
Exhorting all you Chriſtians true
Your courage vp to bend,
And ſince by this defeat ye ſee,
That God doth loue his name
So well, that ſo he did them aid
That ſeru'd not right the ſame.
Then though the Antichriſtian ſect
Againſt you do conjure,
He doth the bodie better loue
Then ſhadow be ye ſure:
Do ye reſiſt with confidence,
That God ſhall be your ſtay
And turne it to your comfort, and
His glorie now and ay.

FINIS.

SONET.

THe azur'd vaulte, the cryſtall circles bright,
The gleaming fyrie torches powdred there,
The changing round, the ſhyning beamie light,
The ſad and bearded fyres, the monſters faire:
The prodiges appearing in the aire,
The rearding thunders, and the bluſtering winds,
The foules, in hew, in ſhape, and nature raire,
The prettie notes that wing'd muſiciens finds:
In earth the ſau'rie floures, the mettal'd minds,
The wholeſome hearbes, the hautie pleaſant trees,
The ſyluer ſtreames, the beaſts of ſundrie kinds,
The bounded roares, and fiſhes of the ſeas:
All theſe, for teaching man, the LORD did frame,
To do his will, whoſe glorie ſhines in thame.

I. R. S.

LA LEPANTHE DE IAQVES VI.

ROY D'ESCOSSE,

Faicte francoise par le Sieur

Du BARTAS.

IMPRIME A EDINBVRG PAR

ROBERT WALDE-GRAVE,

Imprimeur du Roy.

Anno Dom. 1591.

Auec Priuilege de sa Majesté.

AV LECTEVR.

LECTEVR, ne penſe point qu'un deſir d'augméter ma reputation m'ait pouſſé à trauailler apres ceſte verſiõ. Quelque poureté d'eſprit qu'il y ait en moy, ſi ſuis-je, par la grace de Dieu, beaucoup plus fecond en matiere, qu'en motz: & l'inuention me couſte moins, que l'elocution. C'eſt pourquoy i'auoy fait vœu à mes plus ſainctes Muſes, de ne mettre jamais la main à traduction ou paraphraſe quelcõque. Mais, que ne pourroit ſur moy, je ne dis pas la grandeur, ains l'admirable eſprit du Roy d'Eſcoſſe? La graue douceur, la belle & artificieuſe liaiſon, les viues & parlantes deſcriptions de ſa Lepãthe m'ont tellement rauy, que j'ay eſté contraint de fauſſer mon ſerment. Accepte donques, ie te prie, ceſte plante que l'Apollon de noſtre temps a ſemé de ſa propre main, & les Graces ont arrouſé du nectar plus diuin qui coule de leur bouche. Et bien que pour eſtre tranſportée en autre ſolage, elle ait perdu ſes plus belles fleurs: toutesfois ſon eſtoc, ſes branches, & la plus part de ſes fueilles luy ſont demeurées. Le peintre peut bien exprimer & le pourfil, & les couleurs d'un beau viſage: mais non l'air, le geſte, & moins encor la parolle. Que ſi meſme quand au ſens tu trouues que ceſt extraict ne reſpond point entierement à ſon original, propoſe toy que ceſt ouurage ne faiſoit que ſortir encores tout bluetãt de la forge Royale, quand je luy donnay la façon françoiſe: & que depuis ſa Majeſté l'a rebattu, & relimé, & breffait tel, qu'il ſemble eſtre ſorti de la boutique d'Homere.

PREFACE DV TRADVCTEVR
A LAVTHEVR.

IAQVES, ſi tu marchois d'un pied mortel ça bas,
Hardy i'entreprendroy de tallonner tes pas:
I'eſtendroy tous mes nerfs, & ma courſe ſacrée
Loing, loing lairroit à dos les aiſles de Borée.
Mais puis qu'Aigle nouueau tu te guindes és cieux,
Collé bas, ie te ſuy ſeulement de mes yeux:
Mais pluſtoſt du deſir: ou, ſi ie me remuë,
Ombre ie vole en terre, & toy dedans la nuë.
Hé! fuſſe-ie vrayment, ô Phœnix Eſcoſſois,
Ou l'ombre de ton corps, ou l'Echo de ta voix.
Si ie n'auoy l'azur, l'or, & l'argent encore
Dont ton plumage aſtré brillantement s'honnore,
Au moins i'auroy ta forme: & ſi mon rude vers
N'exprimoit la douceur de tant d'accords diuers,
Il retiendroit quelque air de tes voix plus qu'humaines,
Mais, Pies, taiſez vous pour ouyr les Camænes.

LA

LA LEPANTHE

DE IAQVES VI.

ROY D'ESCOSSE, FAICTE

Françoise par le Sr Du BARTAS.

IE chante du grand Dieu la iuſtice & bonté,
Vn exploit de ſes mains non encore chanté:
Vn combat haſardeux, vne dure iournée:
Ie deſcry dans ces vers la bataille donnée
Sur le flot LEPANTHOIS, qui ſe vid arrouſé
Et du ſang Circoncis, & du ſang baptizé.

VIEN, vien donques, Seigneur, ô Maieſté diuine,
Tout-puiſſante, immortelle, vne en trois, en vn trine,
O Pere de ce Tout, ie te prie trois fois,
Par ton vnique Fils, ton immortelle voix,
Le bras de ton vouloir, l'Ange du teſmoignage,
Que ton Eſprit ſacré ſur l'or de ceſte page
Face couler vn vers, en graces ſi parfaict,
Qu'il paſſe merueilleux les merueilles du faict.

Le trois-fois-Saint ayant pour throne le haut Pole,
Les Anges pour archers, à ſon flanc ſa Parole,
L'Eternel vid vn iour, (l'erre: car deuant DIEV
Le Temps enfant du Ciel, ne peut point auoir lieu.
Le temps deſia paſſé, qui paſſera, qui paſſe,
Touſiours conſus ne ſont qu'un temps deuant ſa face.

Mais quoy ? l'homme mortel pour parler clairement
Aux hommes, eſt contraint parler humainement:
La chair n'attaint au ciel, & les langues mortelles
Beguayent en parlant des choſes eternelles.)
Il vid, di-ie, au milieu de la troupe celeſte
L'ennemi de ſon nom, & des hommes la peſte:
Le Saint vid à ſes pieds le premier impoſteur,
De crimes forgeron, ſeme-yuraye, menteur,
Auquel Chriſt parle ainſi: Monſtre plein d'impudence,
Tu viens (le ſçay-ie pas ?) de l'an'ique Byzance
Pour remplir boute-feu, d'ire & forcenement,
Du Turc porte-turban le fier entendement
Contre ceux qu'à mon nom l'humble genouil flechiſſent.
PERE *permettras-tu que ces chiens les peſtriſſent*
Sous leurs profanes pieds ? que ceux qui ſont ſans foy
Triomphent des humains qui t'adorent en moy
D'une foy viue armez ? qu'en deſpit de ton ire
Ils ſoient executeurs de tout ce qu'il conſpire ?
Quelle foy ? dit Satan: ne ſçay-tu pas qu'ils ſont,
Impudens, à qui mieux couronnera ſon front
Du laurier de reuolte ? a tu pas expoſée
Et la gent Muzulmane, & la gent baptizée
Entre mes rouges mains, afin que leur ſupplice
Reſponde à leur forfait, reſponde à ma malice?
Adonques l'Eternel qui du ſeul croulement,
De ſon chef rayonneus meut iusqu'au fondement
Les montagneux rochers, fait chanceler le Pole,
Bouleuerſe l'Enfer: ce DIEV *dont la Parole*
D'un rien fit de ce Tout l'ouurage ſi parfait,
Et le maintient encore en l'eſtat qu'il l'a fait,
Prononça, non des motz, ains des bruyants tonnerres:
Dragon crache-venin, ruzé fuſil des guerres,

Vilain,

Vilain, lasche la prise, espargne les Chreſtiens,
Et n'oſe, ô Tentateur, t'attaquer plus aux miens.
Tout Chreſtien ſert mon Fils, & bien qu'en mainte ſorte,
Il demente aueuglé le ſacré nom qu'il porte,
Qu'il erre en pluſieurs points: ſi veux-ie toutes-fois
Que le nom de mon Chriſt luy ſerue de pauois:
Tant ce doux nom m'eſt ſainct: tant ie veux qu'on hõnore
Ce beau nom que l'Enfer, le Ciel, la Terre adore.
Affronteur ceſſe donc. Mais toy Force de DIEV
Qui de zele empenné diſcours de lieu en lieu,
Comme mon ambaſſade, ô loing-volant Archange
GABRIEL, *l'un des chefs de l'aſtreuse phalange,*
Va t'en viſte à Venice, & graue dans le cœur
De leur graue Senat vne guerriere ardeur,
De venger tant de torts que les dextres cruelles
Des raſez Muzulmans ont fait à mes fideles.
Il court toſt, & pluſtoſt qu'un vent roule caillous
Ne haſte entre deux monts ſon murmurant courrous:
Sa pensée luy ſert d'vne viſteſſe extreme,
Car il n'eſt à peu pres que penſée luy-meſme.
La trafiqueuse mer de tous coſtez enferme
Ceſte ville, qui n'eſt Iſle, ny terre ferme,
Ville, qui flotte en l'eau, ville ſans fondement,
Qu'une foreſt plantée en l'onde artiſtement
A grands coups de belier ſupporte, & porte aux nuës,
Grand'ville qui n'a point moins de mers, que de ruës.
Monté ſur vne tour à cent bouches d'airain,
Tu vois vne mer ſeche, vn champ fait à la main,
Vn abbregé du monde, vne iſle riche & grande,
Ou preſide vn ſeul Duc, ou le Senat commande.
Saint MARC *eſt leur Patron: & leur eſpouſe encor*
La marchande Thetis, que d'une bague d'or,

Ils estrenent chasqu'an. Le messager celeste
Arriué là dedans prend la forme, & le geste
D'vn bourgeois ia chenu: se promeine, & trouuant
Vn sage citadin, met ces motz en auant.
Helas! que faisons nous? sommes nous lethargiques?
Nous sommes oppresez par ces cruels Ethniques,
Et ne le sentons point? noz forts sont mis à bas,
Noz guerriers esgorgez, & ne le voyons pas?
Allons, que tardez vous? chargeons ceste racaille,
Vuidons noz vieux debats par vn iour de bataille.
DIEV *secourt les hardis. Cela dit, il s'enfuit.*
Ce propos courageus de bouche en bouche suit
Tous le coins de la ville: Il paruient à l'oreille
De l'auguste Senat: qui soudain se reueille
De son profond sommeil: l'approuue, & sage faict
Ce qu'il doit, ce qu'il peut pour le mettre en effect.
Ce peuple estoit tenu par les lunez gendarmes
De si court qu'ilz n'auoient que les seuls vœus pour armes:
La Cypre estoit ia prise, & le bord mugissant
D'Adrie, estoit le bord de son sceptre impuissant.
Il supplie l'Eglise esparse par la terre,
Qu'en priant elle arrache au Seigneur le tonnerre
Qui gronde sur son chef: La ville en gemissant,
Importune sans fin le trois-fois-Tout-puissant.
Tous les iours elle ieusne: elle ioint ses mains sainctes:
On ne voit rien que pleurs: on n'entend rien que plaintes.
Les hommes plus guerriers sont mandez au cercueil
Frappez tant seulement du fer mousse du dueil:
La femme donne laict de tristesse se pasme:
L'enfançon qui le void de dueil rend presque l'ame.
La plus gaye ieunesse a d'vn noir vestement,
Affublé tout son corps: le plus riche ornement

De l'azur estoillé, le clair cierge du monde,
Plustost qu'il ne souloit se replonge en son onde
D'vn front rebarbatif, affreux, & renfrongné:
La blaffarde Misere a tout d'vn coup donné
La chasse à Cupidon. Dans leurs maisons dorées
Flottent les tiedes pleurs: autour, les mers irées.
Les eaux bruyent autour: dedans, les hurlements:
Leur cri des-esperé perçant les Elements
Monte iusques au Ciel. MVSE, *tourne en arriere*
Et, sage, remetz toy sur ta route premiere.
Crains-tu pas que les pleurs sur mon papier coulants,
Effacent les noirs traitz de mes discours sanglants?
TELLE *estoit la Cité, quand l'empenné message*
De son peuple marin r'allume le courage.
Noz Roys, sollicitez par elle tous les iours,
Vont en fin accordant le demandé secours.
La saincte ligue est faicte: & sur la verte riue
Du fort MESSENIEN *tout l'ost Chrestien arriue.*
Là, comme General DON-IEAN *l'Austrichien*
Luit ainsi qu'vn Soleil: l'honneur Venitien
VENIER *s'y trouue aussi: le Geneuois* DORIE,
Et COLOMNE *pilier du pilier d'Hesperie,*
De la ville à sept monts. Or plusieurs iours s'estant
Entre ces braues chefs passez en consultant,
ASCAIGNE *de la Corne, homme prudent & braue*
Auance ce discours non moins facond que graue:
SEIGNEVRS, *on ne doit pas hazarder vn estat*
Sur le rouët leger d'vn incertain combat
Quand la guerre se fait dans les propres entrailles
De nostre cher païs: quand des dures batailles
Le bien-heureux succez n'apporte tant de fruict
Aux vainqueurs, qu'aux vaincuz vne grand'route nuit:

Et beaucoup moins encor quand l'armée ennemie
Combatuë du Ciel, de faim, d'Epidemie
Peu à peu se desbande: ou quand plus d'estendarts
Marchent en l'ost hayneux, qu'aux nostres des soudarts.
Lors certes il vaut mieux laisser cuuer leur rage,
Et caler voile vn peu, que faire entier naufrage.
O genereux Heros, puis que nous ne faisons
La guerre à Soliman sur l'huis de noz maisons,
Que son ost ne se rompt: & que nostre exercite
Superbe est composé de tant d'hommes d'eslite,
Si fort, si bien muny: que pour estre vainqueur
Sans doute rien ne peut luy manquer que le cœur:
Attaquons l'ennemi, iectants sus la puissance
Du DIEV *donne-lauriers l'ancre de l'esperance*.
Bon droit vaut mieux que force. Il est vray que plustost
Que nous venons aux mains, il faut policer l'ost,
L'asseurer, l'exercer: de peur qu'à l'impourueuë
Du Barbaresque arroy l'esblouissante veuë
N'esbranle les plus fiers: que les commandements
Diuers n'aillent troublant noz croisez regiments:
Et le soldat couché freschement sur le rolle
N'vsurpe de son chef l'office & la parolle.
Il finit: & soudain par vn murmure doux
Son genereux conseil est approuué de tous.
Ilz s'en vont satisfaicts: & dans les creux nauires
Remportent eschauffez des genereuses ires.
Ce camp, par qui iadis ILION *fut razé,*
En armes & valeur cedoit au baptizé.
Là, l'Espaigne rostie, areneuse, infertile,
De ses filz basanez en faict venir huict mile:
Superbes, bien reglez, de leur honneur ialoux,
Froids au cõmencemẽt, mais chauds aux meilleurs coups.

L'Italie, tetin, & verger de la terre
Y fait couler la fleur de ſes hommes de guerre:
Douze mille ſoldatz vindicatifz, gentilz,
A bien faire, à mal faire, eſgalement ſubtilz.
Puis on void ſur le dos de l'ondeuſe campaigne
Venir des vagues champs de la froide Allemaigne
De guerriers fourmilliere, & boutique de MARS,
Trois mille champions, venaux, mais bons ſoudarts.
Là ſe trouuent auſſi trois mille volontaires
Bouïllants d'vn zele ſainct: deux cents & huict galeres,
Vingt & cinq naus de charge, auec ſix grands vaiſſeaux,
Qui ſemblent des Palais, non des nefz ſur les eaux.
Et deus fois vingt encor fuſtes, fregates, barques
Portent le camp ſacré des fidelles Monarques.
CE peuple vagabond, ceſte ville de bois
Commence à deſmarer le ſeptieſme du mois
Qui nage tout en mouſt. D'vn alaigre courage
Les nochers vont grimpant de cordage en cordage:
Hißant, haußant les draps: & donnent, rois des eaux,
Par force & par engin des aiſles aux vaiſſeaux.
Seuls les forçats mi-nuds d'vne rame ferrée
Rompent à contre cœur l'eſchine de Nerée:
Mais le Comite fier en front, en mine, en voix
Les menace tous-iour, & les bat maintes-fois.
Ia d'auirons bruyans vne foreſt eſmuë
Par vn nombreux accord le Sel baueux remuë:
L'artillerie orage: & les ſoldats diſpos
D'une greſle de plomb font empouler les flots.
SATHAN, *qui hait malin toute ſainte entrepriſe,*
Le noir feu du diſcord dans l'oſt Chreſtien attiſe.
Le General l'eſteint de l'eau de ſon bon ſens:
Et faict, bien aduiſé, que les chefz plus puiſſans

Ne regardent qu'à DIEV : *& d'vn cœur heroique*
A l'interest priué preferent le publique.
LE RENOM *loing-volant (qui sus les hautes tours*
D'vne langue d'airain caquetant tous les iours,
Dict le vray, dict le faux:) haste ses peintes aisles,
Et des apprestz Chrestiens porte au Turc les nouuelles.
L'espion desguisé, legier, ingenieux:
Dont le corps est couuert, & d'oreilles & d'yeux
Se fourre bien par tout: mais son iect se mesconte
Et fait que l'ennemi, desdaigneus, ne tient conte
De l'exercite sainct: vice qui souuent perd
Maint Capitaine en chef plus hazardeux qu'expert.
La flotte de SELIM *au gré des vents errante*
Mouille l'ancre à la fin au goulphe de Lepanthe.
Le tanné moissonneur auoit desia tondu
CERES *aux cheueux d'or:* BACCHVS *auoit perdu*
Et son pampre & ses fruicts: les branches verdissantes
Ne craquent sous le faiz des pommes rougissantes:
Le bois des premiers froids paslement estonné
Laisse tomber son poil sur le gazon fené:
Et ia le laboureur du soc de sa charruë
Pour y semer du blé le pourri champ remuë,
Quand l'approche se faict Lors VENIER *le ruzé,*
VENIER *second Vlysse ayant l'ost abusé*
Par vne fausse alarme, & semé les nouuelles
De la blesme terreur des soldatz infideles:
Qu'on n'y void que discord, fuite, temerité:
Et que cinq-fois dix naus ont leur camp ia quitté,
Faict que noz champions d'vn plus constant courage
Mesprisent des Payens, & le nombre & la rage.
Tandis le Sainct ouurier de ce rond bastiment,
Qui void tout, qui sur tout commande absolument,

Assis au lieu plus haut de la voute empyrée
Void flanquer les piliers de sa chaire dorée
De IVSTICE *&* d'AMOVR. *L'vn a le front riant,*
Et l'autre renfrongné: l'vn va pour nous priant,
Et l'autre contre nous: l'vn à Pitié le pousse,
L'autre fait que vengeur L'ETERNEL *se courrouce,*
Qu'il desploye ses fleaux, & remplisse les chams
De hurlemens affreux, les toictz de cris trenchans.
Mais le DIEV *tousiour-vn si dextrement accorde*
Et la LOY *porte-glaiue, &* la MISERICORDE:
Qu'encor que la premiere obtienne rarement,
De ses breuetz sanglants le iuste appointement:
Et que l'autre tousiours parvienne à ses attentes:
Elles sont toutes-fois esgualement contentes.
Puis L'ETERNEL *prenant la balance en ses mains,*
Et par grace y pesant les pechez des humains,
Des cruelz Sarrasins void trebucher les fautes:
Et celles des Chrestiens demeurer tousiours hautes.
Lors il fronça son front dont la Terre trembla,
Pluton fremit de peur, & la Mer se troubla
Bruyantement baueuse Aussi tost que l'Aurore
Peinte d'or, de safran, de vermeillon encore,
A bani la nuict sombre: & qu'en tire-lirant
L'allouëtte a donné d'un bec doux-souspirant
Vn gay bon-iour au iour: que Phœbé change-face
Dans le parc de Thetis ses moreaus vistes chasse:
Que Phœbus dissipe-ombre a d'un feu tremblotant
Frappé l'acier fourbi du casquet esclatant:
IEAN d'AVSTRE *va plantant sur la hune venteuse*
De MARS *fauche-soudars l'enseigne furieuse.*
Ainsi que les ouuriers diligemment subtils,
Sur la pointe du iour preparent leurs outilz:

Son feu touſiour viuant là le vitrier attiſe:
L'artiſte menuiſier là ſes raboiz aiguiſe:
Le ſerrurier ſa lime: & là le bon maçon,
Au rebelle Porphyre oſer donner façon.
Là ſes viues couleurs l'aigu peintre meſlange:
Et là ſes plombs parlants le prompt Imprimeur range:
Ce monde de ſoldats ne void ſi toſt flotter
Le ſignal du combat, qu'il s'en court appreſter
Ses inſtruments guerriers: & gaillard boult d'enuie
Ou de gaigner la Palme, ou de perdre la vie.
Le braue Cheualier ſon glaiue raieunit,
Ses armes l'armeurier: Le ſoldat ſe munit
Et de corde & de plomb: & l'artilleur ia couche
Des Canons briſe-nefz la ruineuſe bouche:
L'Archer bande ſon arc: & les nochers criars,
A leur œuure attentifs courent de toutes parts.
Tous, tous ſont occupez, ainſi que les auettes,
Qui peintes voletant ſur l'eſmail des fleurettes
Suçcottent là deſſus l'alme ſueur du ciel,
Qu'en leurs troux doux-bruyans elles changent en miel.
On ne void rien parmi les troupes marinieres
Que drapeaux bou-bouſans, gonfanons, & bannieres,
Ou Zephyre ſe iouë, orgueilleux de meſler
Son aiſle enfante-fleurs, doux eſuantail de l'air,
Parmi tant de couleurs, armoiries, deuiſes.
IEAN d'AVSTRE cependant, oiſif tu ne meſpriſes
L'ordre de la bataille: & ton entendement
N'eſt pas moins trauaillé de ce chaud penſement,
Que le reſte du camp a ſes mains occupées
Aux cordes, traiz, canons, bales, armes, eſpées.
Tu menes la bataille, & fais que le Romain
A main droite combat, VENIER à l'autre main.

Ce chef rodant autour de la flotte fidelle
Par nom & par surnom les plus vaillants appelle:
De leur deuot dessein propose l'equité,
Le butin de Turquie, & l'immortalité.
Dict que l'honneur diuin gist comme en leur courage:
Que leur seule valeur peut d'vn cruel seruage
Affranchir leurs germains: mais en tournant le front,
Ils trahissent leur gloire: & miserables sont
Que le peuple qui sainct la Foy de Christ embrasse
*Gemira dans les ceps de l'*OTTHOMANE *race.*
De ce noble orateur l'auguste royauté
Le front fierement beau, le port, la grauité
Dore tant de ses mots la coulante merueille:
Que tout le camp raui par l'œil, & par l'oreille
Dict Victoire, victoire, ô victoire: & le flot,
D'vn language bruyant redit trois-fois ce mot.
Ie t'accepte, ô mot sainct (crie le Prince sage)
Mot sacré, ie te pren pour vn heureux presage.
Le Turc range de mesme en bataille ses osts,
PORTAV *commande en terre,* ALY *dessus les flots.*
Fier il conduit le gros des troupes infidelles,
OCHIAL & MEEMET *gouuernent les deux aisles.*
Lors ALY *le* BASCHA *soigneux va visitant*
D'vn visage asseuré l'exercite flottant:
Et practiquant guerrier, vne masle eloquence,
Il raconte comment la Turquesque vaillance
A tousiour triomphé du peuple porte-croix:
Qu'eux mesmes ont vaincu ia desia tant de fois
Ces chefs qui leur font teste: & la longue durée
*Des sceptres d'*OTTHOMAN *race en terre adorée.*
He! voulez vous (dit il) rompuz, desfaicts, chassez,
Dementir le renom de voz gestes passez?

Fait

Faire cent-fois vainqueurs à voz vaincuz hommage?
Et du terroir Chreſtien meſpriſer le pillage?
Mais perdant, vous ſerez accablez de gros fers:
Et gehenez nuict & iour ſeruirez à voz ſerfz:
Voz heurs deuiendront pleurs: & ceſte renommée
Qui pouſſe au Ciel voz faitz ira toute en fumée.
Courage donc Soldats: MAHOM *ſera pour nous,*
Et de noz fers trenchants guidera tous les coups.
Que s'il fault auoir peur, ayez peur que la crainte
Du burin de Nature en leur poictrine empreinte
Ne leur donne pluſtoſt que de venir aux mains,
Et la iambe des cerfz & laiſlé pied des dains.
Le ſon enflambe-cœurs de ces motz heroiques
Eſt ſuiui quand & quand d'vn branſlement de piques,
Du tin tin des eſtocs, & d'vne voix qui ſort
De tout l'oſt ſans ardeur, ſans force, ſans accord.
Les rayons clair-luiſans de la torche du monde
Donnant deſſus l'acier font berluer ſous l'onde
Les troupeaux eſcaillez. Le Soleil radieux
Frappe les Sainctz à dos, & le Turc ſur les yeux.
Et les vents vagabonds qui deuant la meſlée
Des Byzantins cruels chocquoient la pouppe aiſlée,
Si toſt qu'on vint aux coups (ô miracle!) donna
Sur leur viſage fier. Le Turc ſ'en eſtonna
Et le Chreſtien le prit pour augure fidelle,
Que le DIEV *des combatz defendroit ſa querelle.*
Si toſt que le goſier bruyantement fumeux,
Des longs canons troubla l'Ocean eſcumeux:
Que fier il adiourna BELLONE *au grand courage:*
Et MARS *le furieux, ſanglant, aime-carnage:*
Que de l'air rain plié le ſon haut-reſonnant
Eut embrazé les cœurs d'vn deſir bouillonnant

De renom eternel. Ponuret, que veux-tu dire?
Veux-tu d'vn digne vers ces durs assautz descrire?
Oz es-tu peindre au vif DIEV *tout tel qu'il estoit*
Quand son bras tempesteux pour ses filz combattoit?
L'oculaire tesmoin n'y pourroit point suffire:
Et toy qui n'en sçais rien que par vn ouir-dire
En viendras bien à bout? mais ie l'ay proiecté,
Ie l'ay desia promis, le sort en est iecté,
Croyant que le lecteur visera, fauorable,
Moins à mes rudes vers, qu'à mon desir louable.
Que comme ceux qui vont tous les iours au soleil
Sont teincts des rais ardents qui partent de son œil:
Mes propos retiendront quelque couleur naïfue
Du MARS *qu'ils veulent peindre: & que la source viue*
D'eloquence & sçauoir, le grand DIEV, *dont ie veux*
La gloire icy chanter, accomplira mes vœus.
Le signe estant donné, la bataille commence,
Les six plus grandes nefz vers la teste on auance:
On afuste, on prent mire, on tire des canons,
D'ou sortent des cailloux, bouletz, ramez, chainons,
Qui donnent dans les Turcs: & sous les eaux pourprées
Enterrent à lopins leurs bandes demembrées.
Le peuple sans poulmon és abysmes s'enfuit
Tout d'vn coup, estonné d'vn tant horrible bruit:
Le ciel est affeublé de cent nuës fumeuses:
On oit bruire à l'entour cent bouches salpetreuses,
Et leur ton ton-tonant erre: & prompt, rompt le rond
Du plancher estoillé. Les hurlements que font
Tant & tant de blessez qui par cent mille portes
Font leurs ames sortir despiteusement fortes,
Conioincts aux premiers bruitz, chamaillis, tremblemẽts,
Troublent tout en vn coup les craintifz elements.

I'ay voulu icy imiter l'Onomatopœe de l'autheur.

Mais non les chefs des Turcs, qui vont pleins de courage
C'eſt orage chaſſer par vn contraire orage:
Et leurs bouletz ardents abattent tant de corps,
Que le nombre eſt eſgal des viuans & des morts.
Les Turcs ſont repayez en la meſme monnoye:
Noſtre canon les bat, les briſe, les foudroye.
Rompuz qui çà qui là tombent dedans les flots:
Leur eſprit dedaigneux ſort auec les ſanglots,
Trauerſe en blaſphemant la riuiere infernale,
Et viſite d'Enfer la nuict ſombrement pale.
Du paſſager CHARON *le gemiſſant bateau*
De trop d'ombres chargé s'enfondre dedans l'eau.
Tandis qu'un pere ardent apres le fier carnage
Et de geſte, & de voix, donne à ſon filz courage,
Vn boulet empenné d'une ardente vapeur
Donne au pere la mort, donne à l'enfant la peur.
Tandis que de la main, tandis que de la bouche
Vn chef cõmande aux ſiens, vn volant plomb luy bouche
Les conduits du langage, & roidit, inhumain,
Les nerfz iadis ſi forts de ſa parlante main.
Tandis qu'vn eſcadron emplotoné ſe ſerre,
Le murmurant effort d'vn enſoulfré tonnerre,
Fatal, n'en choiſit qu'vn, effleurant le chapeau
Du voiſin, doz de l'autre, & d'vn autre la peau.
Ceſt effroiable ſon, faict que des Capitaines
Bien qu'ilz crient fort haut, les parolles ſont vaines.
Chaſcun mene les mains ſelon qu'il eſt pouſſé
Ou de l'obiect preſent, ou d'vn MARS *inſensé.*
Il eſt chef & ſoldat: & ſes mains exercées,
Font prouſit ſeulement des batailles paſſées.
S'eſtant donc ſaluez ſur les champs ondoyants,
Par des ambaſſadeurs mortellement bruyants

On parle de plus pres: l'vn & l'autre eſt approche:
La nef choque la nef, la nef la nef accroche:
Tout bras, tout glaiue aigu, tout dard eſt employé:
Celuy qui fuit les coups, eſt dans la mer noyé.
Icy le Cheualier trenche net vne teſte,
Et là quand vn guerrier magnanime s'appreſte
A creuer d'vn eſpieu le cœur d'vn fier ſoudart,
Vn tiers d'vn bous tremblant l'outre de part en part.
Touſiour le canon tonne, & l'harquebuſe pette:
Iamais du fer creusé la foudreuſe tempeſte
Ne les menace en vain: chaque plomb a ſon blanc:
Et s'il ne tuë point, il verſe aumoins du ſang.
Le forçaire au doux ſon du ſainct mot de franchiſe
Vne guerriere ardeur dans ſa poitrine attiſe:
Et s'armant de crochetz, de barres, d'auirons,
Bleſſe, aſſomme tous ceux qu'il trouue aux enuirons.
Cependant qu'vn Chreſtien priue ce Turc de vie,
La vie du Chreſtien eſt par vn Turc rauie.
Lors que d'vn traict Turquois vn ſainct bras eſt attaint,
Le bras decoche. traict eſt percé d'vn bois ſainct.
Et ſur le meſme poinct que d'une forte bale
L'artilleur Muſulman pouſſe en l'onde infernale
Vn baptizé ſoldat, l'harquebuſier croisé
Tuë le canonier, qui mire peu ruzé
Le beau coup qu'il a faict: & donne trop grand priſe
A cil qui ſeulement contre ſa teſte viſe.
Des freſnes aiguiſez le dru tremouſſement,
Le chamaillis du fer, des traicts le friſſement,
Des bleſſés languiſſants l'effroiable language,
L'entrechoc des vaiſſeaux, & des canons l'orage,
Meſlés s'en vont ſi haut ſur les eaux reſonnant,
Qu'on ne peut meſme ouir le bruit du ciel tonnant.

La mer n'eſt rien que ſang: & la race eſcaillée
S'enyure du poiſon de ſon onde ſouillée:
Et ſemble qu'à ce coup de L'Amramide ſainct,
Le deuorant baſton eut tout ce goulphe teint.
Leur valeur rend long temps douteuſe la meſlée:
Meſme oſt & gaigne & perd. Et la fortune aiſlée
Void chaſque bataillon de picques heriſſé
Or d'vn riant viſage, or d'vn œil courroucé.
Mars trouue le iour court pour practiquer ſa rage:
Le maſſacre croiſſant, fait croiſtre le courage:
Plus le nombre deſcroit, plus deſcroit la pitié:
La perte des amis cauſe vne inimitié,
Qui rend chaſque ſoldat durant ce triſte eſclandre
Fort à donner les coups, inſenſible à les prendre.
Quand ie penſe combien de Chreſtiens ſont tombez
Sous l'homicide fil des coutelas courbez
Du peuple Byzantin, d'horreur mon poil ſe dreſſe,
Ma plume ne peut peindre vne telle triſteſſe.
O Dieu par ton eſprit eſclaire mes eſprits:
Et d'un ſaint peloton guide moy par les plis
De ce Dædale obſcur: courage, terre, terre:
Ie deſcouure vn bon port: ie voy finir la guerre.
Ia l'oreille me corne, & dans les creuſes naux
Semble que i'oy desia mille chants triomphaux.
L'Eſpagnol Cheualier qui courageux deſire
Du Colonnel Payen attaquer la nauire,
Hurte, paſſe à trauers flotz, prouës, eſperons,
Bales, piques, eſpieux, dardz, flesches, auirons:
Agraffe nef à nef, eſprouue ſa vaillance.
Mais le ſort n'eſt pas moins conſtant en inconſtance,
En ce duël priué, qu'és combatz generaux.
On tire inceſſamment des chaſteaux des deux naux.

Les canons plus en coup qu'en murmure effroyables
Rompent corps, iambes, bras, maſtz, antennes & cables.
On rend les traicts iectez: & du commencement
L'entr'approche des chefs s'achepte cherement.
A la fin toutes-fois la victoire commence
Regarder d'vn bon œil l'Eſpagnole vaillance.
DON IEAN *accompagné des plus braues guerriers,*
Prodigue de ſon ſang, entre des beaus premiers
Dans le vaiſſeau vaincu du BASCHA, *qui colere*
Se deſpitant de veoir les croix dans ſa galere,
Rechaſſe les vainqueurs, & fait qu'ils laiſſent morts
Sur ſon tillac ſanglant pour gage pluſieurs corps.
Le Prince eſperoné de deſpit & de honte,
Et chez qui l'amour ſainct de la gloire ſurmonte
L'amour doux de la vie, encourage ſi bien
Et d'exemple & de voix le bataillon Chreſtien
Que ſon craintif glaçon en vn braſier s'allume,
Et qu'il r'entre dedans plus fier que de couſtume.
Le Turc de tant de gents à la fin combattu
Gaigne pour ſe ſauuer la proüe au bec-pointu.
Vn ſoldat Grec l'attaque: & fait ſaulter par terre
Son ſacrilege chef d'vn coup de cimeterre.
Le coup n'eſt ſans guerdon: & le chef degoutant
Eſt fiché ſur le maſt de ſon vaiſſeau flotant.
Ce trophée eſtonna les Turcs de telle ſorte,
Que la volante peur loing des coups les emporte.
Mais ils ſont toſt apres par noz voiles r'attaints.
Et ſans qu'vn OCHIAL *trompa noz longues mains*
Gaignant vn ſeur Aſyle auec trente galeres,
Ou maint Heros Malthois eſprouuoit les miſeres
Du forçat qui battu battoit touſiour Neptun,
SELIM *n'en euſt rien ſçeu que par vn bruit commun.*

La bataille gagnée au SEIGNEVR *on rend graces:*
On suit barques, esquifs, houlques, galeres, nasses:
On y trouue enferrez douze mille de ceux
Que CHRIST *le grand Pasteur dans son parc a receus.*
On haut-loue DON-IEAN *vray foudre de la guerre,*
Dont le ciel a voulu faire monstre à la terre:
Et puis la retiré, non sans cause ialoux
Qu'vn astre si luisant flamboiast parmi nous.
La Nuict respand adonc sur les choses mortelles
Pour couuer le repos ses doux-pesantes aisles:
Va tous les animaux de son miel enchantant:
Et mene auecques soy Morphée l'inconstant.
Venize est en suspens, & d'vne ame flottante
Attend l'euenement de l'attaque sanglante.
Elle se veut promettre, & n'ose toutes-fois
(Tant le passé l'esmeut) la mort de l'ost Turquois.
De ioye & de douleur sa poitrine est attainte:
Elle espere le bien, & du mal elle a crainte.
En fin du bon succez de ce cruel combat
Le message certain paruient iusqu'au Senat:
Du Senat, à la Ville. Vne ioye incroiable
Saisit le cœur de tous. La troupe venerable
Des Dames aux vieux ans, & des Vierges encor,
Reprenant ses carquans, bagues, & chaines d'or,
Et se tournant en rond dans la place publique
Au branle de ses pieds marient ce Cantique.

CHOEVR VENETIEN.

CHante, ô peuple, ton DIEV: Ieunes & vieux chantez,
De voix & d'instruments celebrez ses bontez.
De CHRIST le grand Sauueur chantez l'amour extreme,
Sauueur qui s'est monstré vray Sauueur à vous-mesme.
Le laqs des ennemis nous tenoit enserrez,
Les Turcs autour de nous auoient tendu leurs retz:
DIEV nous a mis au large, & leur propre artifice,
Miserable, a serui de fosse à leur malice.
Chante, ô peuple, ton DIEV: Ieunes & vieux chantez,
Vieux & ieunes de DIEV celebrez les bontez.
Qui du profane ioug de la gent Sarrasine
N'agnere a deschargé vostre saigneuse eschine.
Lauez tous voz pechez dans l'eau du repentir:
Nets entrez dans son Temple: & faictes retentir
Ceste route des Turcs, victoire renommée
Que nous tenons de luy, & non de nostre armée.
Chrestiens, saisissez-vous de voz luths doux-sonnants,
Prenez cistres, tabours, fifres haut-resonnants,
Donnez aux orgues vent: embouchez voz trompettes:
Animez violons, guiterres, espinettes:
Chantez tous d'vn accord: Ieunes & vieux chantez,
Et de vostre Sauueur celebrez les bontez.
DE CE Cantique sainct la douce melodie
Rend & mon corps pesant, & mon ame engourdie.
Ia ma teste de fer s'encline doucement
Vne, deux, & trois fois deuers mon sein d'aymant:
La paupiere est du tout sur mon œil abaissée,
Et ma plume de plomb chet de ma main lassée.

Et bref, mon corps viuant proprement ne vit pas:
Car il eſt poſſedé du frere du Treſpas.
Lors le DIEV *Sommeilleux, le viſte, le peint Ange,*
Qui plus ſouuent de front, qu'vn vain Protée change,
Morphée aux aiſles d'or s'escoule lentement
Par la porte de corne en mon entendement.
Chez ſoy l'ame ſi toſt ne luy permit l'entrée
Que de tous ſoings humains elle fut ſequeſtrée:
Et qu'elle ouit ces vers doucement animez
Par le charmeur goſier des courriers emplumez.

CHOEVR DES ANGES.

CHantons freres volants: chantons tous d'vn accord,
Le los de l'Immortel, le los du DIEV *treſfort.*
Anciens qui marchants ſur les voutes plus hautes,
Deux-fois-douze adorez l'Agneau efface-fautes,
Louez le auecques nous: & faictes que les cieux
Ne reſonent voutez, que ſon nom glorieux.
Seul il eſt, il ſera, il fut touſiour en eſtre,
Des eſtres la fontaine, & des eſtres le maiſtre:
Vn en trois, trois en vn, diſtinct, non diuiſé:
Qui dans le rien d'vn rien ce Tout a compoſé,
Et le tient en eſtat: ô Citadins porte-aiſles,
O vous vies ſans corps, ô troupes immortelles
Louez le de ceſte œuure: & ſi faire ſe peut,
Louez le encore plus de ce que doux il veut
N'eſpandre ſeulement les ruiſſeaux de ſa grace
Sur celuy qui deuot ſon pur ſeruice embraſſe:
Ains ſur celuy qui meu de telle quelle foy
Mille menuz fatras meſle parmi ſa loy.

DIEV

DIEV *le monstre à ce coup. Mais quoy? ses vrais fidelles*
Sentiront plus à plein ses faueurs eternelles.
DIEV, DIEV *sera leur bras. Car puis qu'il est ainsi*
Que, clement, il poursuit d'vn paternel soucy
Ceux qui, Pharisiens, s'enflent de leur iustice,
Que feroit-il à ceux qui confessent leur vice?
A ceux de qui l'esprit par l'Esprit Saint dompté
Ne veulent recourir qu'à sa saincte bonté?
Puis qu'il aide à celuy dont le salut chancele,
Et que doit esperer celuy qui l'Esprit scele
Du cachet de salut? Puis qu'il porte faueur
A celuy qui se feint Sauueur dessus Sauueur,
Et s'adresse aux Dieux vains: ô qu'il sera propice
A cil qui fait ses vœus au Soleil de Iustice!
A l'Agneau sacré-saincт, à qui seul le Seigneur
A donné de tout temps l'estat de Moienneur!
Chrestiens, s'il est ainsi que sa dextre combatte
Pour celuy qui, bigot, adore vn Dieu de paste:
(Erreur par trop grossier) pourra il mespriser
Ses vrais adorateurs? pourra-il refuser
Aide à cil qui Zelé de son feu seul s'enflame,
Et qui fait pour son nom bon marché de son ame?
Puis qu'il cherit celuy qui porte au front escrit,
Trompé des faux docteurs, le seel de l'Antechrist:
De la grande Putain, de qui les mains cruelles,
Et par fer & par feu poursuiuent les fidelles:
He! n'aimera-il pas cil qui pour son amour
Est des cruels tyrans mal-mené nuict & iour?
Qui luy rend tesmoignage? & qui dessus sa face
Porte eternellement la marque de sa grace?
O SEIGNEVR *fay cesser, fay cesser les trauaux*
Qui torturent les Saincts: donne fin à leur maux:

Et chaſſe, ô trois-fois Bon, l'ignorance profonde,
Qui d'vn nuage eſpais affeuble tout le monde.
Et nous ſes meſſagers d'aſtres clairs reueſtus
Celebrons ſa bonté, gloire de ſes vertus.
Chantons tous d'vne voix, ô bandes emplumées,
Chantons, ô Sainct, ô Sainct, ô Sainct DIEV *des armées.*

Leur chant prend icy fin. Icy prend fin le mien.
O toy qui n'es de faict moins que de nom Chreſtien,
Bon cœur, eſpere en DIEV, *qui meſme fauoriſe*
Ceux qui n'ont ſeulement qu'vn vain titre d'Egliſe.
Que ſi de l'Antechriſt le blaſphemant courroux
Plus ſelon que iamais coniure or contre nous:
Sçache que DIEV *cherit plus le corps que l'ombrage*
Chreſtien, monſtre à ce coup inuaincu ton courage,
Et t'aſſeure que CHRIST *fera de ton ennuy,*
Sortir prouffit pour toy, ſortir honneur pour luy.

FIN.